AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

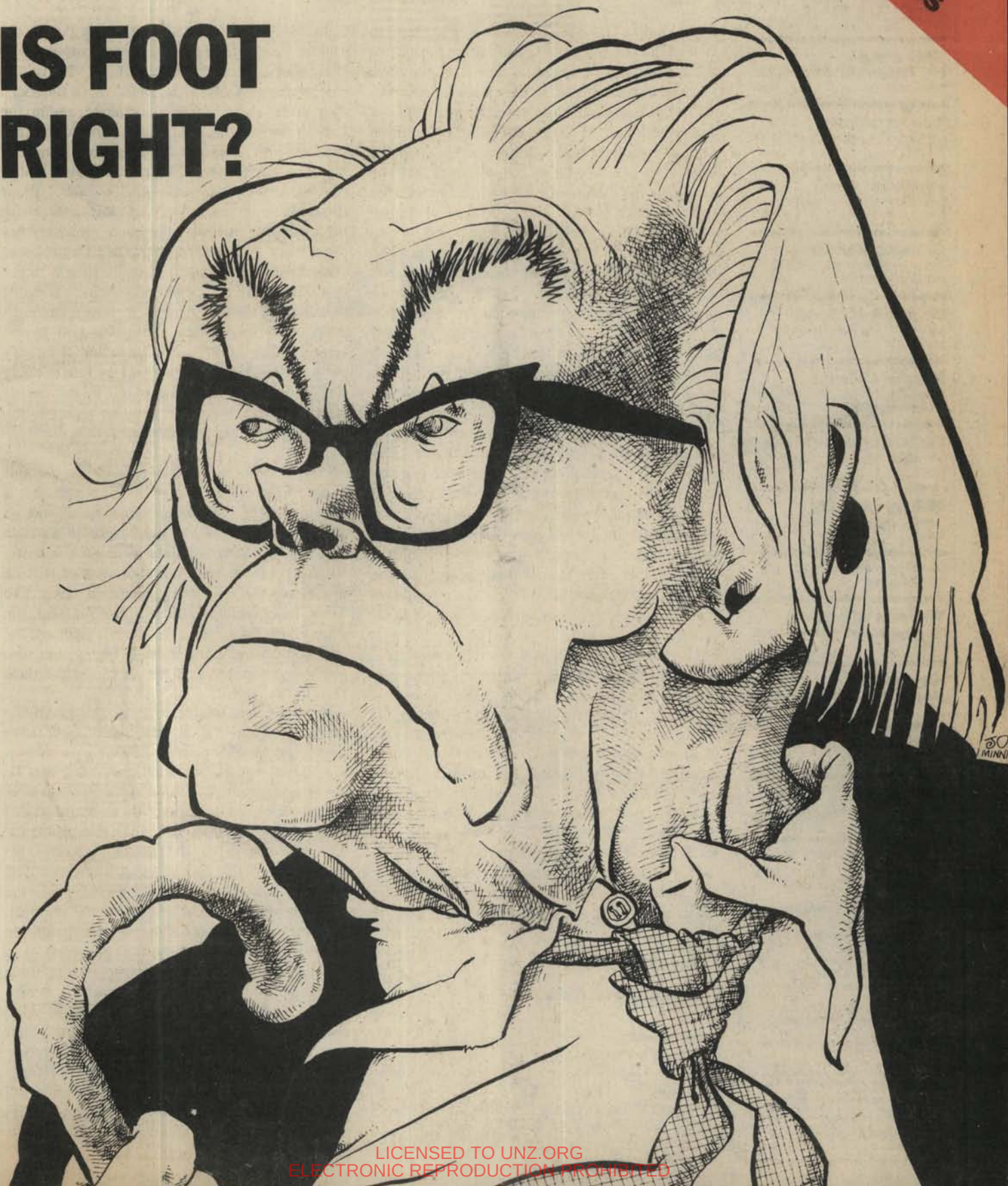
NEW STATESMAN

1 October 1982 60p IR91p US$1.50 By Air

NOV 1 1982

Beirut cover-up
Tories and prisons
Alan Watkins's Brief Lives

IS FOOT RIGHT?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cover drawing: John Minnion

Is Foot Right?
Michael Foot has had his victory over the Militant Tendency. But where does Labour go from here? Peter Kellner and Patrick Wintour report from Blackpool
Pages 5 & 6

Stiff Willie
Francis Wheen studies Willie Whitelaw's record on prisons Page 7

Keep it rolling
Mary Holland previews the Northern Irish Assembly Page 8

Figures of death
Duncan Campbell exposes the Home Office's faulty arithmetic Page 10

Groucho Marxism
Duncan Campbell of *City Limits* ponders on subversive comedy Page 12

Begin's lost friends
Nat Hentoff on the American Jewish lobby Pages 14

Reagan's silence
Claudia Wright reveals US knowledge of the Beirut massacre Page 16

Eastern promise
Jon Halliday looks at the future of Hong Kong Page 17

Military monolith
Andrew Thompson reports from Buenos Aires Page 18

Diary & Roger Woddis p.19; Letters p.20; Bretécher p.21.

Who was who now
David Edgar reviews Alan Watkins's *Brief Lives* Page 22

High and dry
John Lucas on the life of John Berryman Page 23

A suicidal generation
Paul Binding on Weimar Page 24

Paws
John Coleman watches *Cat People* Page 28

Feminism, p.25; Shorts, p.26; Fiction, p.27; Poem, p.27; Television, p.30; Dance, p.30; Theatre.31; Weekend Competition, p.32; John McVicar, p.32

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.
Tel: 01-405 8471. Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1

©1982 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors.

Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd.

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an s.a.e. is enclosed.
The publishers reserve the right to refuse or withdraw advertisements at their discretion. While every effort is made to ensure that advertisements appear correctly, the publishers will not be responsible for the consequences arising from errors or delay in publication. All advertisements are accepted subject to the Periodical Publishers Association's Standard Conditions of Acceptance.

NEW STATESMAN Vol 104 No 2689 1 October 1982

Editor: **Hugh Stephenson**
Political Editor: **Peter Kellner**
London Editorial Staff: **Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour**
Irish Editor: **Mary Holland**
Education: **Rick Rogers**
Literary & Arts Editor: **Gillian Wilce**
Poetry Editor: **Derek Mahon**
Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings**
Production Manager: **Joanne Hurst**
Assistant Art Editor: **Julian Rothenstein**
Managing Director: **Johnny Johnson**
General Manager: **Peter Jones**
Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts**
Classified Manager: **Stephen Mitchell**
Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman**
Northern Circulation Sales Manager: **Liz Cooper**
Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

From here to the ballot box

MICHAEL FOOT DID enough at Blackpool to ensure that he will not be deposed as Leader of the Labour Party between now and the next General Election. To that extent the Conference was a modest personal success. But at a different and more important political level, it contributed little to putting Labour on the road to a socialist victory. It is Mr Foot's obvious hope that the party can now belatedly turn from internecine strife to open debate about policies and principles. But Blackpool was still dominated by personalities and unfraternal power struggles. The crucial events of the week were not concerned with a clear political strategy for the Labour movement. They were the decision about Militant and the election results for the NEC. Mr Foot may fairly object that he had an inside job to do at Blackpool and that he did it. But he now has a much more difficult outside job to do and very little time for it.

That job is to develop a coherent set of policies out of the piles of (often contradictory) programmes and resolutions that have been pouring for months out of the various bureaucracies of the Labour movement; and then to proclaim it with conviction. In this process he must not let the triumphant right push him or the NEC into a witch-hunt of Militant and other groups on the far left. And he must not let the same triumphant right dictate the terms of what is included in that programme.

There is very little that is attractive about the hard core of the Militant Tendency. Its narrow political puritanism, its conspiratorial method of operation, its strategy of living parasitically off the Labour Party, its suspect political aims – all of these make it entirely reasonable to take a jaundiced view of Militant. The problem that the party has faced is that the quality of the quasi-judicial case so far mounted against it has been so poor that it has seemed from the start to be a witch-hunt. Even (perhaps particularly) within the Labour Party, justice must be seen to be done and constitutional procedure followed.

The much more real danger, though, is that the right taking its revenge, will now seek to close the Labour Party to the young radical entrants who have always been the source of its vitality and new thinking. As the representatives of the social democratic right that has remained within the Labour Party crowed this week from conference platform and television screen at their return to power, it was an essential corrective to remember that these were the same middle-aged Labour and trade union leaders who had lost contact with the electorate and with the party, precisely because they had shown themselves more concerned with the trappings of office than with the requirements of a popular and genuinely socialist political movement. Any such movement must keep itself freely open to the left and to the young. (The failure of Chancellor Schmidt's party in West Germany to avoid the lure of being simply a party of office has led to its current political failure and ought to be a warning to the newly chosen Labour leadership in this country.)

FROM HIS LONG experience of the Labour Party Michael Foot knows well enough that a certain type of Labour stalwart is quick enough to tame (even relishes) the chance to exclude enthusiastic young socialists from party activity. His main speech to Conference showed that he was aware that in certain important areas, like defence and unilateral nuclear disarmament, the worn policy formulas of the Labour right are not only economically and morally wrong, but also politically inappropriate for a genuinely radical party in the 1980s.

If Mr Foot is unable to resist the inevitable pressures from the re-established right over specific policies for a future Labour government, the tactical and organisational victories that he has won this week at considerable cost will have been in vain. For the sight of those whose lack of political imagination was directly responsible for the inadequacies of the Labour governments from 1964 to 1979, claiming that Blockpool 1982 was their victory, only served to emphasise the extent to which Mr Foot himself has the responsibility for ensuring that Labour now campaigns on a programme that offers the prospect of a socialist alternative – and not simply something that could be labelled as Toryism with a human face. The charge that can justly be levelled against some of the left in recent years is that they have been advocating policies that represented a flight from political reality. The danger now is that the right in its hour of revenge will forget that the Labour Party is nothing if it does not present a genuine socialist alternative to the British electorate. □

New Statesman
Subscription Rates

Surface mail:
UK £26, Overseas £29

Air mail:
Europe £34, Middle East £36, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Salmon reports on the immigration service

Imprisoned without charge or trial

A MAN WHO was imprisoned prior to removal from Britain as an illegal immigrant has now been given permission to live here permanently. Timothy Raison, the Home Office minister responsible for immigration, has suddenly changed his mind about the status of Abookar Mundiya, a Bradford resident, although the information available to him now could have been available in April when Mr Raison authorised the removal of Mr Mundiya to Pakistan.

Mr Mundiya was given permission to live in Britain in 1979 on the basis of his marriage (see *NS* 16.7.82). But this year the Home Office suddenly claimed that Mr Mundiya had obtained this permission by deception because his marriage was not valid. Mr Mundiya would then have been immediately sent to Pakistan had his MP, Edward Lyons, not taken up the case. Instead Mr Mundiya was imprisoned while the Home Office deliberated.

Now in a letter to Mr Lyons, Mr Raison accepts that Mr Mundiya's marriage was 'entered into in good faith'. Mr Raison confirms that the immigration service was first contacted by Mr Mundiya's wife, after their marriage had broken up, who asked if her husband's 'stay here could be curtailed'.

In authorising Mr Mundiya's removal Mr Raison says he was relying on two pieces of evidence. One was that the couple were not living together when Mr Mundiya applied for permission to stay. In fact he was living a few doors from his wife in a house owned by his father-in-law. His wife stayed with him until late, and the couple had a baby last October – more than three years after the supposed marriage of convenience took place in Spring 1978.

Secondly the Home Office believed that Mr Mundiya had forged the signature of his wife on a letter to the Home Office. But, despite Mr Mundiya's pleas, the immigration service failed to submit the signature to any tests for forgery. After considerable pressure the signature was checked through the Metropolitan Police and it transpired that the signature probably was Mrs Mundiya's.

Mr Raison also claims his change of mind was influenced by information of which he was 'not previously aware'. The 'new' information came from Bradford Law Centre who had obtained it from Mr Mundiya who says he had already given it to the immigration service. As a result of these blunders Mr Mundiya has spent 45 days in prison and has lived in great anxiety for the last six months.

Despite the happy ending, this case is disturbing because of the procedure by which those accused of illegal entry can be removed and the light it throws on the Home Office's apparent indecent haste to remove a coloured immigrant on the basis of evidence which, as they now admit, they knew to have come from the embittered break-up of a relationship □

The Campaign Against Racist Laws is holding a National Action Conference on 23 October at County Hall, London, to launch a programme of action against racist immigration controls.

Philip Sanders in Belfast

Soldier's 'right' to kill

A BELFAST boy, shot dead as he sat on his garden wall chatting to his father and a friend, was 'summarily executed' by a soldier, his family's solicitor claims. The Northern Ireland Director of Public Prosecutions has announced, however, that in line with his rulings on the killing of children with plastic bullets he does not intend to prosecute the soldier.

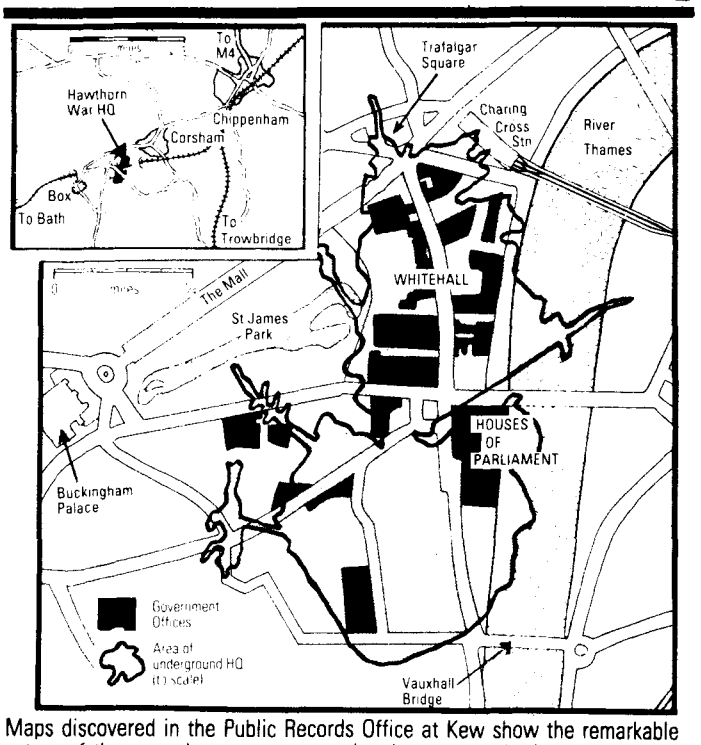
Danny Barrett, a 15-year-old Catholic, was killed by a single rifle shot from an army observation post which overlooks his Ardoyne home. His killing, on 9 July last year, at the height of the H-Block hunger-strike crisis, went almost unnoticed by the media. Yet it is 'the most serious case of blatantly unjustifiable shooting' in the wide experience of solicitor Paschal O'Hare, who is 'amazed and astounded' that the DPP has not brought charges against the soldier.

At the recent coroner's inquest into Danny Barrett's death, unidentified soldier 'A' (who did not appear) claimed, in a written statement, that he had definitely shot a gunman. His claim was backed up by soldier 'B', who was physically attacked in court by Danny's outraged father and uncle, who punched him about the head before he escaped across the solicitors' table.

It is undisputed that shortly before the fatal shooting the IRA had opened fire on a police Landrover in the vicinity. But at the inquest counsel for the army, police witnesses and forensic scientists unanimously agreed that Danny was not a gunman and that no gun was fired from the Barretts' garden. The coroner's jury found that 'the deceased was not a gunman or a rioter'.

Civil rights' campaigner Fr. Denis Faul believes there is a 'crystal clear case' against the soldier who shot Danny. He condemns, as a grave injustice, the fact that 'no British soldier has served a day in jail' for such on-duty shootings with live or plastic bullets. 'Immunity from effective prosecution seems to have been guaranteed', he says.

Danny's father, James, together with Derry mother Maria McConomy, whose 11-year-old son Stephen was killed by a plastic bullet in April, are in England this week to campaign for charges to be brought against the soldiers who killed their sons. □



Maps discovered in the Public Records Office at Kew show the remarkable extent of the central government war headquarters and other underground military establishments at Hawthorn, near Bath (see N.S. 24.9.82). Here, the extent of the underground workings (surveyed in 1935 for the War Office) are shown for the first time, superimposed on a map of central London. The Maggiebunker is big enough to swallow up all the ground area of all the main government offices in Whitehall and Victoria – and still leave some space.

Michael Lewis on the Tory conference

All change for Irish voters

ALTHOUGH THE agenda for next week's Tory Party conference includes 35 motions from constituency associations demanding the immediate disenfranchisement of Irish nationals living here, Central Office stage managers will not be allowing a debate for very sound tactical reasons.

Conservative Central Office claims that about 40 per cent of the Irish electorate vote Conservative. While the estimate is perhaps over generous, there is little doubt that Irish support for Labour can no longer be taken for granted. Surveys carried out by the *Irish Post* after the last three general elections show a steady trend away from the Labour Party and in favour of the Conservatives.

In 1970, Labour got 79.4 per cent of the Irish vote compared to 13.6 per cent for the Conservatives. Four years later, Labour were down to 66 per cent while the Tories dropped to 10 per cent. But in 1979 Labour's share had plummeted to 22 per cent while the Tory vote had climbed to 19.5 per cent of those who voted. In addition, the *Irish Post* found that 31.5 per cent of traditional Labour voters 'conscientiously abstained' from voting in 1979 citing the Labour government's poor record in Northern Ireland as the cause.

While such findings are yet more sombre news for Labour, Tory efforts to woo the Irish community have been at best half-hearted. An attempt a decade ago by Irish-born Tory councillor Paul Dwyer to form an Irish Conservative Association floundered because of Central Office indifference. (Indeed, when the *New Statesman* asked about it, the Office was not even aware that the Association had dwindled away.)

However, behind-the-scenes manipulation at this year's conference indicates that the Tory elite, if not actively cultivating the Irish, is not keen to see them denied their current right to vote in Britain. In order to placate the groundswell of anti-Irish opinion from the grass-roots, including the North Norfolk association which wants to deny Irish citizens social security benefits, a one hour 'question-time' has been set aside at which William Whitelaw will answer attacks on this – and all other areas of his policy as Home Secretary.

Meanwhile Tory Central Office point out that disenfranchising the Irish would upset a number of legal niceties such as the 1921 Anglo-Irish treaty. Nor must one assume, to quote Central Office, that anti-Irishness in the constituencies has anything to do with last August's London bombings. As they soothingly said, the last day for constituency resolutions to be submitted was 31 July. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard Sharron reports from Birmingham

One school for the rich...

THE NATIONAL Union of Teachers is lodging a formal objection with the Secretary of State for Education over Birmingham City Council's plans to divide secondary education into a two-tier system. They claim the scheme is deliberately biased against children from working-class districts and will end comprehensive education in the city.

Based on the need to accommodate falling rolls the Conservative Council's document 'Reorganisation of Secondary Education' proposes to close seven comprehensive and downgrade half of the remaining 64 non-religious schools into schools for 11-16 year old children only. An equal number will be allowed however to keep their sixth-forms.

Most of the 32 comprehensives losing their sixth-forms are in the poorer parts of town, but it is reckoned by Labour councillors and teachers that at least half of these schools have sixth-forms which are both successful and viable. By contrast, in the prosperous Sutton Coldfield suburb of Birmingham all five secondary schools will keep their sixth-forms.

Three sixth form colleges are planned for children from the 11-16 schools who do wish to continue with their education, but it appears they will be run on traditional sixth-form lines and will cater largely for academic children.

'The plans are unfair and unjust', says Gordon Green, a Birmingham headmaster and member of the NUT's national executive. 'The existence of the 11-18 schools will devalue the 11-16 schools in the eyes of parents. This will have a knock-on effect with these schools eventually having problems recruiting and retaining quality staff.' All the other teaching unions, though less vocal than the NUT, have opposed the plan.

Brian Meadows, chairman of Birmingham Education Committee maintains that the plans are in line with Sir Keith Joseph's policy of keeping 'good' schools intact. Only 42 out of 92 Birmingham secondary schools have 'A' level courses at present. The former Labour Council proposed to cut off all school education at 16 and set up open-access sixth form colleges as a last ditch attempt to salvage true comprehensive education. But, at the insistence of Labour leader Clive Wilkinson the council then slashed £8 million off the education budget with the loss of 400 teachers just two months before the last local elections. It was later announced that Labour had underspent its budget by nearly £8 million. But by then they had lost the election. □

Union votes for £1m propaganda campaign

BRITAIN'S public services are to be defended by the largest campaign ever to be launched by a single union. On 18 September the National Executive of the National and Local Government Officers Association voted to spend £1,000,000 on a campaign against contracting and hiving off public services. The campaign will begin next March though details of who is to run it have yet to be worked out.

The decision to hold a campaign came, said a NALGO spokesman, from 'members' sense of frustration at what had been happening to the public services' in successive cuts since 1975. Although the main purpose of the campaign will be to protect jobs, the work of public sector employees *is* the public service; many of NALGO's members do their jobs 'because they're worthwhile' said the spokesman. The campaign publicists will have the hard job of defending public services against government policies without attacking the policies of a government which many of NALGO's members voted for. □

Rob Edwards reports

Poachers' Act used against sit-in

TWELVE PEOPLE occupying a hospital laboratory in Fife were arrested during a dawn raid by police under the 1865 Trespass (Scotland) Act. The Act was designed for use against travelling people and poachers and has never been used in this way before. There is serious legal doubt whether it is applicable to a sit-in carried out as part of an industrial dispute.

The case fought on behalf of the Plessey occupiers earlier this year (*NS* 26 March 1982) was seen by many as establishing the right of workers in Scotland to occupy premises as part of an industrial dispute. This interpretation rested on Section 13 of the 1974 Trade Union and Labour Relations Act and depended partly on the distinctive Scottish law governing trespass.

Embarrassed by the Plessey verdict and prodded by worried employers, the government in July introduced an amendment to the current Employment Bill to repeal the relevant part of the 1974 Act so that the legal basis for sit-ins is likely to be removed when the Bill comes into force this autumn. It was in this context that the Fife chief constable Robert Murison seems to have decided to resurrect a 117-year-old law to use against the occupiers.

According to the union involved, ASTMS, over 100 police raided the laboratory at Victoria Hospital in Kirkcaldy at about 6.15am last weekend and smashed through a door to gain entry. Following an urgent complaint from the Scottish TUC, the Scottish Secretary George Younger has asked Mr Murison for a report on the incident. Ironically the dispute that led to the sit-in now seems to have been defused following late night talks between management and unions. □

Patrick Wintour from Blackpool

How the NUM lost its seat

MINEWORKERS' candidate Eric Clarke was not elected to the Labour Party's National Executive Committee because of the decision by Sid Weighell, general secretary of the NUR, to break his union mandate to vote for the NUM. In the hangar-like press room at the Winter Gardens, Mr Weighell, standing next to furious members of his delegation, read out a statement of explanation. He said he had written to Arthur Scargill, president of the mineworkers, to ask whether normal arrangements would apply whereby the NUM would vote for NUR candidate Russell Tuck in return for NUR support for Mr Clarke. Mr Weighell claims he received no reply from the NUM – which Mr Scargill denies – and waited until the last possible moment before deciding not to cast the last of his twelve votes for the trade union section.

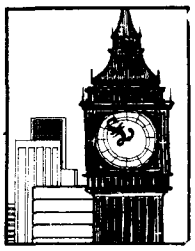
Although he was sitting only yards from Mr Scargill all Monday, Mr Weighell did not ask him whether the NUM would vote for the NUR. He also did not tell his delegation that he had abstained. Mr Milligan, an NUR executive member, says their delegation only realised what had happened when a row developed over a teller's error in counting the votes of NUPE for Mr Clarke. After the error in miscounting had been corrected, the NUR's vote would have been enough to secure Mr Clarke's seat on the NEC. □

Policeman liaises with Moss Side

Steve Barnett/Northern News Co-op

Police photographers were spotted last week snapping protesters who marched to Moss Side police station after allegations that police had beaten up four men, two of them local community workers. Police say the pictures were simply for use in 'training,' reports Ken Ferguson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Michael Foot brings on his concrete-mixer

MICHAEL FOOT'S SPEECH to the Labour Party Conference on Tuesday afternoon was not, in the event, one of his best. It may still turn out, however, to be one of his most useful.

He could have vented greater wrath on the government, and he could have expounded clearer policies. His reference to the Common Market, for example, defies textual analysis unless one employs the kind of skills Kremlinologists use to read between *Pravda*'s lines. But if there were too many ambiguities and too few specifics, Mr Foot's speech nevertheless prodded the party, and himself, a little distance in the right direction.

Easily the most significant part of the speech was his section on incomes policy. Three weeks ago the Trades Union Congress managed to face both ways at once on this issue, passing a motion opposing incomes policy while, the same afternoon, approving of the TUC-Labour proposal for an annual national economic assessment. This proposal is explicit on the need for pay to be discussed as part of each year's assessment, but it is very far from explicit about what this means in concrete terms.

On Tuesday, Mr Foot did not deliver the concrete, but he did bring on his concrete-mixer. He recalled how the miners' dispute was ended in 1974, after the electorate had ejected the Heath government from office. The miners wanted to alter the pay of surface-workers relative to face-workers. 'That was a form of incomes policy', said Mr Foot.

He proceeded to make the point that ought to be self-evident to all but the stupid or the blind – that by extension, any policy to help the low-paid makes no sense without a policy towards the higher paid. There is no point in helping people at the bottom of the ladder, unless you keep the ladder itself under some control. While making the necessary, and proper, denial that he intended his incomes policy to be statutory, he spelt out in unmistakeable terms the need for the Labour Party and the TUC to devise a policy on pay that will work and that will stick.

Indeed, Mr Foot bluntly stated that such a deal is vital if an incoming Labour government is to fulfil its pledge of reducing unemployment below one million in the lifetime of one five-year parliament. 'There is not the slightest chance of that happening without an agreement with the TUC', he said.

Mr Foot was rather less blunt about the Common Market. He seemed to assert that straightforward withdrawal from the EEC could not be achieved quickly, and he gave half a hint that it might not happen at all. We have difficulties here if we try to take Mr Foot's words too literally. On the one hand he acknowledged that the party's policy, inherited from past conferences, is one of withdrawal. (This year's conference is not debating the EEC.) On the other hand, he said, 'We are also committed, as socialists, to understanding our international obligations, in our own interests and the interests of other socialist parties' – for example where they have recently come to power in countries such as France and Greece.

It does not take a genius to detect an inconsistency here. Our 'international obligations' include those that derive from the Treaty of Rome. We cannot leave the common market without breaking that treaty. Mr Foot says we must 'understand' our obligations. He failed to explain whether he meant 'keep' those obligations, or merely understand them in the sense that a burglar 'understands' the laws on theft.

The easiest explanation of Mr Foot's words is that they add up to yet another careless fudge, in a speech delivered from notes rather than read from a prepared script. My explanation is different. I think Mr Foot is heading for a U-turn on Common Market withdrawal, and that the ambiguity in his speech was quite deliberate. He is paving the way for a policy that will bear some resemblance to that put forward by Barbara Castle in the *New Statesman* two weeks ago: Labour will not allow EEC rules to inhibit big changes in economic, industrial and trade policies, but neither will it take the initiative to tear up Britain's membership card.

IF THIS interpretation is correct, then it will not be long before the party's left wing starts complaining that Mr Foot is selling party policy down the river. There are three reasons why they will complain in vain.

First, Mr Foot remains passionately committed to the cause of disarmament. Specifically he is committed to keeping cruise missiles out of Britain and to preventing the Trident programme from going ahead. He is unlikely to go the whole unilateralist hog. He will let Britain's Polaris capability die naturally, rather than kill it off. But he will have a far more left-wing defence policy than any previous Labour leader, and therefore one that will offend the Americans. He intends mobilising the support of other European socialist parties for his defence policies, and judges that he will not get that support if the first Queen's Speech of an incoming Labour Government announces Britain's decision to quit the EEC. Mr Foot has faced the choice of which of Britain's major international allies to take on first, and he has chosen the Americans.

Second, Labour's constitution lays down what should go in the party's programme – all policies approved by the annual conference by a two-thirds majority – but it explicitly leaves the choice of what should go into any given election manifesto to the Shadow Cabinet and the National Executive. It would be naughty for the manifesto to include promises that directly contradict the party programme, but there's nothing to stop the party leadership from simply omitting those items in Labour's programme that it does not think it can or should implement.

Third, Labour's left wing no longer counts for very much at national level. Both the Shadow Cabinet and the National Executive are now firmly in right-wing hands. Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* described the results of this year's National Executive elections as 'the biggest shake-up for years at a Labour Conference'. Actually last year's shake-up was greater. Then the far Left lost five seats on the 29-person Executive; this week's net loss is only two.

The best way of looking at the Executive election results is to regard them as the completion of a two-year process by centre and right-wing unions to purge the Left. Altogether union block votes determine or dominate the choice of 18 of the 29 executive places – 12 in the trade union section, five in the women's section, and the post of party treasurer. Before last year's conference, nine of those 18 places were held by the Far Left, two by the Inside Left, and seven by the Right.

Two things then changed. The Engineers' Union delegation to party conferences switched from left-wing to right-wing control, and the tradition among many large unions of deliberately securing a wide spread of union nominees on the executive gave way to voting on left-right lines. As union after union switched from a 'broad church' voting strategy to a 'slate' strategy, the Right gained more and more ground. Now, the Far Left have only two of the 18 union-dominated seats on the Executive, while the Right has 14, more than enough to outgun the Far Left representatives who occupy six of the seven constituency places.

The Left can hardly complain. While slates and hit-lists were originally a right-wing invention in the fifties, they have been adopted by the Far Left in recent years to try to replace parliamentary candidates, local councillors, and National Executive members they don't like with those they do.

Following this week's conference the Left's best chance of a radical Labour election manifesto is to place any trust it still has at the disposal of Mr Foot. He is not always going to please them, just as he is not always going to please the Right, especially on defence. But if the Left maintains its guerrilla war against Mr Foot's leadership, the party leader will be driven further and further into the arms of the Right. After this week, they would be only too eager to smother him with their embrace. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR CONFERENCE

Now for the garish shirt purge

PATRICK WINTOUR asks if constituency parties will carry out a purge the unions voted for

ON MONDAY 5,087,000 Labour Party members (the Winter Gardens, Blackpool is a much larger place than it looks) voted for a purge. On Tuesday in voting for the National Executive Committee, they found out a bit more about what kind of purge it will be, since purges come in many shapes and sizes.

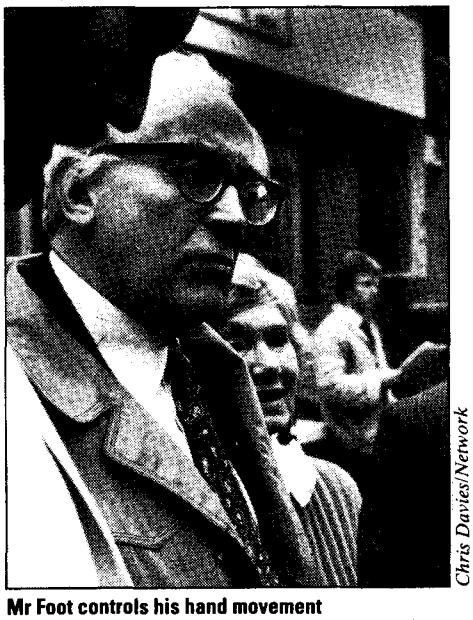
The minimalist purge is to set up a register and let Militant onto it once they have made various cosmetic changes to their structure. This will not happen. Although Militant are going to try negotiating with the NEC, they won't get anywhere. The NEC believe the electorate wants blood. Besides, democratic centralism – which Militant practises and which is at the heart of the issue – is not something that can be dropped by Militant without discarding its politics.

The next 'least fratricidal' purge is to throw out the paper's editorial board – Peter Taafe, Lynn Walsh, Ted Grant, Clare Doyle and Keith Dickinson. Mr Taafe and Mr Grant are both in Canonbury wards of Islington Central. Here the entryism of the duo has been so deep as to be invisible. Neither has attended a ward meeting for years, let alone been elected to the dizzy heights of the Islington GMC. That GMC is politically finely balanced. But it is unlikely to get itself closed down in defence of Mr Taafe and Mr Grant's right to choose not to attend their meetings.

More difficulties may arise with Mr Walsh, Militant's assistant editor who has just moved to Norwood in South London. He may not yet have built many links there, but Norwood is a tough left-wing constituency with a long record of cocking a snook at Labour authority.

Before conference a purge of the editorial board was the favoured policy of both Michael Foot and the General Secretary, Jim Mortimer. In a report to the 22 September NEC meeting Mortimer wrote: 'The distinction between an inner core of people responsible for organising the Militant Tendency and a wider circle of supporters is a very important one . . . Any action should be directed against the small number of people responsible for organising a political group in contravention of clause 2. It would be harmful if action was initiated on a wider scale. It would absorb too much of the energy of the party, take up the time of its staff and introduce into constituencies an atmosphere of suspicion.' The report came to be interpreted as the salvation of the Militant parliamentary candidates. It was argued that such expulsions would mean raising the wider issue, already aired in Bermondsey, of the right of constituency parties to select their own candidates. Besides, many of the Militant candidates would soon have their seats abolished under the boundary change proposals.

Now it seems certain that the NEC organisation sub-committee – probably chaired by John Golding – will write to the Militant candidates to ask about their connections with the paper. They will simply deny any. Tony Mulhearn, for instance, the prospective candidate for Toxteth, protests that he simply takes *Militant* in the same way that some people take *The Times*. He severed all formal links with the paper in 1966.



Chris Davies/Network

Mr Foot controls his hand movement

The NEC will, in effect, call him a liar and try to remove him. Mulhearn says that he is 'absolutely certain' that the constituencies will defend their original choices. Militant, who recently appointed a Press Officer is thriving on the publicity and believes curiously the more its case is aired, the more support it will gain.

But it is clear the Right do not wish to stop with the candidates. The St Ermin's Hotel group of right-wing union leaders – which is also being asked to register by the party – is circulating a list of 25 or so shareholders of the WIR publications. In the past, WIR has given loans to Cambridge Heath Press which publishes *Militant*. The shareholders represent all the leading Militant theoreticians, including Mr Mulhearn. Some right wingers are arguing this will form the basis of the purge; others that the 32 full time regional organisers must be the target.

The most important task facing David Basnett and other power brokers in the party centre is to ensure that the expulsions do not go any wider. An attempt to expel hundreds of members would merely smash up the party in a pre-election year. The atmosphere would become entirely poisonous. Individuals would be checked for suspect trademarks – Durban cockney accents, brushed-forward hairstyles, garish shirts and pumping hand movements. The awkward fact the Right has to accept is that though the bloc vote instigated the purge, only the constituencies can implement it.

THE 'organised Left' is still very uncertain what to do about the register. Some are arguing that Monday's Conference decision legitimises only the register but not expulsions. However, having made conference sovereignty its Shibboleth, it hardly behoves the Left to complain that the register decision is invalid because it was won with the bloc vote of mainly undemocratic unions. A more sensible approach would be to get conference to remove the section of Clause 2 banning political groups with separate programmes and organisation within the party. A constitutional amendment has been laid down this year by Greenwich Labour Party; this will have to be debated next year.

Some Left groups such as the ILP have already signed the register. The Labour Co-ordinating Committee was split and has left the decision for its annual conference in November. The Campaign for Labour Party Democracy argued at least for a year's deferral of the register in order to make it more democratic. Some CLPD members privately admit that limited expulsions will go ahead. They also feel that if they refuse to register on principle the new NEC might not turn a blind eye – something that Mr Mortimer has been advocating – and would instead take the opportunity to outlaw CLPD.

A final decision will be left to the CLPD's annual conference in January. Currently the CLPD is wracked by debt and dissension. The cautious core of CLPD, based on its secretary, Vladimir Derer, has faced increasing criticism from an alliance of maximalist Bennites, feminists and the Trotskyists

The chief resistance to the expulsion will come from a new alliance of constituency parties. One of the organisers, Jeremy Corbyn, the prospective parliamentary candidate for Islington North, believes their 30 October conference to organise nationwide non-cooperation with expulsions will attract over 250 delegates and, more significantly, that it will go beyond the traditional Left network. Asked whether it is worth risking the next election to defend an organisation with which the rest of the Left disagrees, Corbyn argues the Left has no choice. Expulsions will go beyond Militant supporters and will anyway be part of an attack on labour policy.

The Labour Left has developed a near emigre mentality at the moment. Lost in internal irrelevant factionalism, it desperately needs to realign itself. It still has legitimate constitutional issues to pursue (such as the right of the women's conference to elect the women's section on the NEC). But the thirst for this kind of issue has disappeared in the unions' desire for pre-election unity. The Left's high water mark came even before it won the Electoral College vote. It has now had two years of retreat.

The fight to the death to defend every Militant will inevitably lead to further isolation of the Left. It will detract from the fight to win mass support for Labour's programme. To argue, as some do, that the two – Defence of Militant and Defence of Policy – are inextricably linked is nonsense. Bennite policy is hardly best protected by defending Trotskyist practice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRISONS

Willie and the zealots

Tory activists are about to give Willie Whitelaw his annual roasting for being 'soft' on crime. FRANCIS WHEEN wonders why

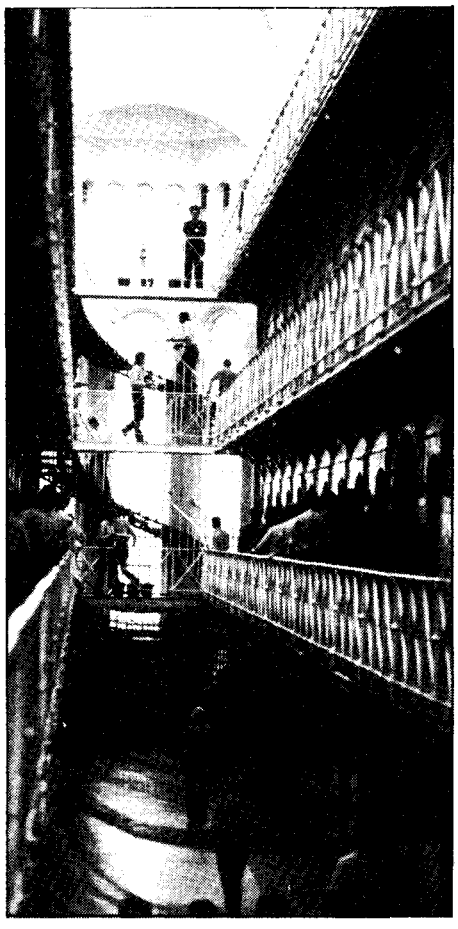
NEXT WEDNESDAY, at the Conservative conference in Brighton, Willie Whitelaw will rise to his feet and reply to the debate on law and order. He can be forgiven for not looking forward to the occasion. During the same debate last year, which occurred just after the inner-city riots, he was barracked and abused by rabid delegates. There is no reason to suppose that the wolf-pack will be any less vicious this year. A motion submitted by one Manchester Conservative Association best expresses their attitude: 'This conference calls for a "Tory" Home Secretary and points out that if the people of Britain had wanted a Liberal Home Secretary they would have voted thus.'

In the minds of those who attend the Tory conference as delegates, Whitelaw is firmly established as the epitome of a wet, liberal softy. Yet it is hard to find much evidence which justifies the accolade. He has strengthened the police force and improved police pay; he has introduced the regime of 'short, sharp shocks' for young offenders; he has overseen the passage of the Nationality Act. The Tory delegates' only legitimate cause for complaint, in fact, is that Whitelaw has failed to bring back the rope and the birch.

They certainly do complain about this – there are motions galore on the subject – but their grievances go further: not enough people are being sent to prison. A motion from the Chingford Tories makes the point succinctly: 'The courts in this country do not pass sufficiently strict sentences relative to the crimes committed.' Several other motions imply that, in some unexplained way, this is Whitelaw's fault.

As a matter of fact, they are almost right. Last May, shortly before the prison population of England and Wales exceeded 45,000 for the first time this century, Whitelaw did attempt to bring about a shortening of prison sentences. However, at the first signs of opposition he hurriedly dropped the idea. Acting on a suggestion by Prison Department officials, he had proposed that prisoners who were not serving a life sentence should be automatically released on parole after serving a third of their sentence. But the behaviour of the delegates at Blackpool last October made it clear to him that the party – and, therefore, Mrs Thatcher – would not stand for such a reform.

More importantly, the scheme was also sabotaged at a higher level. Whitelaw had asked Lord Lane, the Lord Chief Justice, to sound out the views of judges and magistrates. Lord Lane reported that they were 'unanimously against' the proposal. If Whitelaw proceeded with it, judges would retaliate by imposing longer sentences. It is worth noting that in 1968, in its first ever report, the Parole Board said that judges were definitely not awarding longer sentences to cancel out the effects of the new parole system, and that there was 'the highest judicial authority for the view that it would be quite wrong if this were to happen'. If Whitelaw had had more courage he could have pointed this out to the



Camera Press

bench and stood his ground. As it was, however, he surrendered at once. His plan, which would have reduced the prison population by about 7,000 people, was put back in its filing cabinet.

The judges were not, however, entirely uncooperative. They told Whitelaw that they would not resist his alternative suggestion of a system of partly suspended sentences (at the moment sentences must be fully suspended or not suspended at all). The Home Office and others had previously opposed such a scheme on the grounds that judges would give partly suspended sentences in cases where hitherto they would have awarded a straightforward suspended sentence; the prison population would thus actually be *increased*. The judges and magistrates assured Whitelaw that they would not use the power in this way, and a clause on partly suspended sentences was duly inserted into the Criminal Justice Bill, which is now in the final stages of its passage through parliament.

Whether the judges will keep their promise remains to be seen. Even if they do, however, partly suspended sentences alone will do little to improve the appalling state of Britain's prisons. According to the latest prison statistics, published last month, prisons in England and Wales are officially capable of holding 38,747 people but their average population in 1981 was over 43,000 – and in July 1981 it reached a peak of 45,500. The effects of this overcrowding are horrific. Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Prisons gave an eloquent description of prison conditions in his annual report this year. In a passage which is worth quoting at length, he wrote:

> If any reader unfamiliar with the prison system finds it difficult to picture the squalor in which many inmates of local prisons are expected to spend their sentence, let him imagine finding himself obliged to stay in an hotel so overbooked that he has to share his room with two complete strangers. The room itself is so cramped that there is little space for his clothes or personal possessions, and if he wants to walk up and down, the other occupants must first lie on their beds. Worse, the hotel management insists that guests remain in their rooms for all but an hour or so a day and must take their meals there. As a result, the atmosphere rapidly becomes fetid, especially since neither the reader nor his room mates have been able to take a bath for some days. But not only is there no basin or bath available, there is no lavatory either, and the reader and his companions are faced with the prospect of relying for the foreseeable future upon chamber pots thoughtfully provided by the management. If the reader does not conclude that such an experience lasting several days would be degrading and brutalising, he is being less than honest with himself: how much worse would it be after several weeks?

Quite so. Moreover, as the House of Commons Expenditure Committee noted four years ago, 'the unacceptability of these conditions is compounded by the fact that very often these prisoners are unconvicted, being remanded in custody to await their trial, or detained pending a decision about their deportation'. The average length of time spent in custody by people awaiting trial was 38 days in 1981, compared with 21 days in 1971; and about a third of the unconvicted prisoners do not receive custodial sentences when they finally come to court.

Overcrowding is now so bad that about 200 remand prisoners in London are being held in police or court cells rather than in prisons. Robert Kilroy-Silk MP visited the cells beneath Highbury Corner magistrates court a fortnight ago and described them as 'dungeons', where men were living two to a cell, in cells that were eight feet by six feet, with no daylight or internal sanitation.

In the case of remand prisoners, it is at least arguable that some of them should be held in custody. No such argument can be made in the case of fine defaulters – yet in 1981 20,046 men and 1,107 women were jailed for not paying fines. For most of these people, the default is caused not by bloody-mindedness but by a simple inability to pay. The logic of incarcerating them is absurd: the judge at their trial decides that their offence does not merit a custodial sentence; yet they are sent to prison just the same. They are therefore being jailed not for their crime but for their po-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verty. The solution is that fines should be set at a level which the defendant can, albeit with difficulty, afford; failing that, some other form of non-custodial sentence, such as a Community Service Order, would be appropriate.

If Willie Whitelaw is ever forced to argue that fine defaulters should not go to prison, he will do so not because he believes it to be wrong, but merely on the expedient ground that there is no more room in Britain's jails. He appears to see criminal justice as an extension of the system of supply and demand: as long as prisons are overcrowded, he tells the bench to pass shorter sentences; but when he has built more prisons, as he intends to do, judges will presumably be free to give longer sentences again.

Like other politicians involved with 'law and order', Whitelaw is handicapped by the fact that public debate on the subject is conducted on the premise that imprisonment is 'hard' and all non-custodial sentences are 'soft'. Anyone who believes that prisons contain many people who should not be there is therefore condemned for being 'soft' on crime.

This attitude, which is common among the armchair law 'n' order zealots in local Conservative Associations, is not shared by people who have first-hand knowledge of the subject. Two years ago the governor of Winson Green prison told the *New Statesman* that, in view of the number of prisoners who commit offences after their release, 'prison can hardly be said to have worked'. He described prisons as 'the ever available carpet under which society's dirt is swept'. Last year the governor of Wormwood Scrubs, in a letter to *The Times,* called his own prison 'a large penal dustbin'.

The armchair zealots are deaf to all this. Britain already has the highest prison population per capita in Western Europe, but they want it to be even higher. They will, therefore, presumably rejoice at the news that only last week a 75-year-old man with no previous convictions was sentenced to 30 days in Winston Green prison for failing to pay a £150 rates bill. □

NORTHERN IRELAND

Selling the Assembly

Will 'rolling devolution' gather no moss? MARY HOLLAND reports on doubts about the new Northern Irish Assembly

THIS WEEK the Irish foreign minister, Gerard Collins, set off on a propaganda visit to the United States designed to restate, in high places, the Dublin government's opposition to the latest British initiative in the North. He follows in the steps of Lord Gowrie, who is currently in America putting the British government's point of view, and precedes Mr James Prior who is due there in October.

The reason behind this rush of transatlantic activity by Irish and British ministers is the Assembly election to be held on 20 October which, it is hoped, will be the first step in bringing 'rolling devolution' back to Northern Ireland. The plans for the Assembly have already caused deep divisions on both sides of the Irish Sea and contributed to a major deterioration in Anglo-Irish relations. The Irish premier, Charles Haughey, has already rejected it as 'unworkable' on the grounds that it gives no adequate political guarantees to the Catholic minority in the North, and fails to recognise the Irish dimension which Dublin feels is necessary if any progress is to be made towards a lasting solution of the Ulster problem.

Mr Haughey has also made it clear that there will be no thaw in the present state of Anglo-Irish relations until the Assembly is 'dead and buried'. This view is vehemently underlined by Irish civil servants who, in the ordinary way, one would expect to be rather more Anglophile than Mr Haughey himself, and probably reflects their very real anger at the lack of consultation with Dublin when the White Paper was being considered and the fact that they learnt most of what was in it through leaks in the British media.

In Britain itself feelings have run high within the Conservative Party on the issue and caused a row which the Prime Minister would have preferred to do without. During the debate on the committee stage of the Bill in the House of Commons, a determined filibuster by a handful of Tory MPs, in alliance with the Ulster Unionists, led to hundreds of interjections on some amendments and meant that the guillotine had to be used to get the legislation through Parliament.

While only a minority of Conservative MPs were prepared to vote against the Bill, it is accepted even by its supporters that a much broader bloc in the party are extremely sceptical about the Assembly's chances of success, and only voted for it out of loyalty to Jim Prior and admiration for the dogged determination with which he has pursued his Ulster policy.

If this initiative fails there is unlikely to be any stomach within the Conservative Party for another try, at least during the life of the present administration. Mrs Thatcher is known to be opposed to Mr Prior's plans but to have been pressurised into accepting them by other members of her cabinet, which, at the time the White Paper was under discussion, included Lord Carrington and Mr Humphrey Atkins.

The Prime Minister's reasons for disapproving of the Assembly range from her personal conviction, confirmed by public reaction to the Falklands crisis, that she was not elected to preside over the 'orderly management of Britain's decline' and that any threat to the Union would certainly fall into that category, through her personal antipathy for Mr Prior, to her mistrust of the present Irish government.

She is, at heart, a Unionist, and now finds herself in a position where many of those in her own party with whom she is most in sympathy are ranged against her on the Irish issue. At Westminster the only Ulster MPs to whom she listens with any sympathy are Enoch Powell and James Molyneux, both of whom believe that the Assembly could seriously weaken Northern Ireland's resolve to remain within the United Kingdom.

IN NORTHERN IRELAND the situation is even more complex. It is almost as if two elections were being fought, one in each community. On the Protestant side, Rev. Ian Paisley is the politician who has most unequivocally welcomed the Assembly and relishes the prospect of the election. Paisley believes this will confirm his claim to be the main spokesman for the Protestant community and is quite open in his assertions that the Assembly could be the first step in bringing majority rule back to the province.

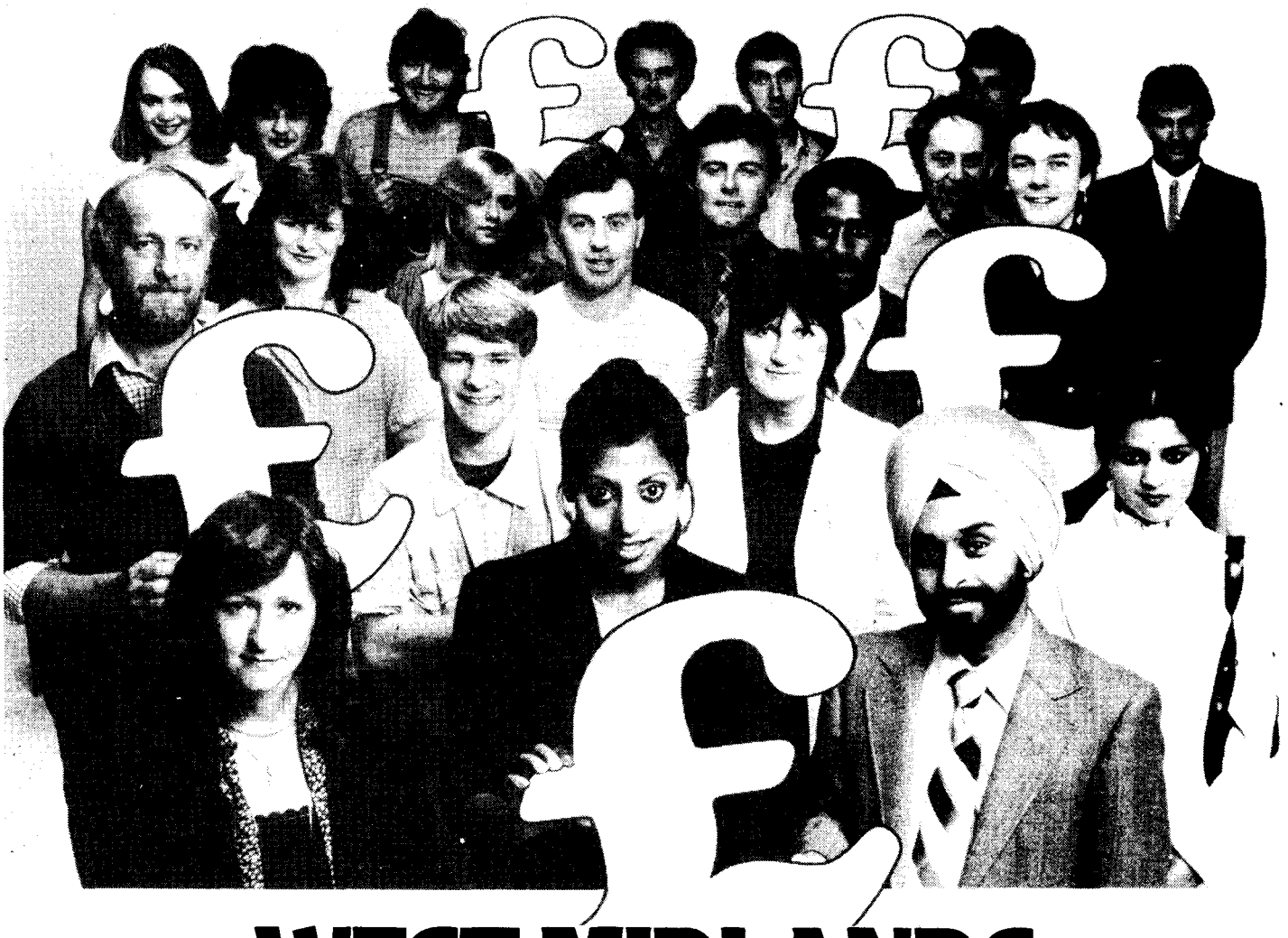
The slightly more moderate Official Unionists are divided, about two to one, between those who agree with Paisley's analysis and the minority, who concur with James Molyneux's view that no British government will give power back to the Protestant majority and that their long-term interests would be better served by going for straight integration.

Catholic mainstream politicians are almost unanimous in rejecting the Assembly, for precisely the reasons that Protestants are enthusiastic about it. They suspect it, first and foremost, as a way of returning Protestant rule to Belfast. The major Social Democratic and Labour Party, led by John Hume, are particularly bitter about Mr Prior's performance as Northern Secretary. They say that the Catholic minority's hopes were raised in discussions with Mr Prior and his chief aide, Lord Gowrie, to expect much more radical proposals for a solution to Ulster's problems, but that when it became apparent that these might cause difficulties with the Unionists they were dropped. They point to the fact that the new proposals for 'rolling devolution' give less to the Catholics than the Sunningdale Agreement of 1973, both on power-sharing in any new government structures and on the Irish dimension.

In recent weeks it has seemed that Mr Prior recognises the validity of at least the second objection, and frantic attempts have been made to get the SDLP and the Irish government into discussions about upgrading the so called parliamentary tier of the Anglo-Irish Council, i.e. by setting up some body through which parliamentarians from Dublin, London and Belfast might discuss matters of mutual interest. This offer, unfortunately for Mr Prior, comes far too late and is perceived by both the SDLP and the Irish government as a ploy to persuade Catholic parties to take part in the Assembly.

Grassroots feeling within the SDLP has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WEST MIDLANDS ENTERPRISE BOARD

The West Midlands Enterprise Board Limited has been set up by the County Council to implement the County Council's strategy for the revival of investment and employment in West Midlands industry. We aim to invest in firms where we can have a positive role in the planning of production and the promotion of employment opportunities. Investment and employment targets, trade union recognition and a commitment to stay in the County area are conditions which are specified in Planning Agreements concluded between the firm and the Enterprise Board.

We are not in the business of competing with other parts of the country for industry to relocate. We will concentrate on local firms which are medium to large employers. We do not want to subsidise or attract firms in an indiscriminate way. Our aim is selective investment to achieve long-term growth.

This positive approach to investment does not concentrate on short-term profits, but on long-term capital growth. We feel that local Councils can start to build the foundations for a regional industrial and economic development strategy with Enterprise Boards as executive arms of planning bodies, as proposed by the T.U.C.

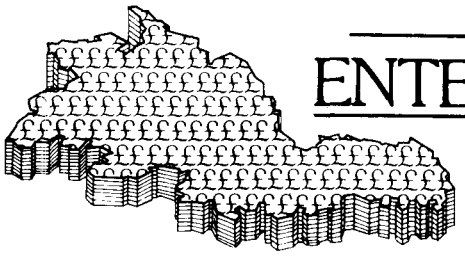
But this initiative needs your help and support for what we are trying to do.

We depend on obtaining additional finance from pension funds and other institutions. Our approach to investment can offer a better long-term return to pension funds because it will be based on the promotion of real economic growth. We offer pension funds local information about investment opportunities in the West Midlands.

We are already negotiating with a number of funds with a view to the Enterprise Board managing a proportion of their finance for investment in West Midlands firms.

If you are a pension fund trustee or a member of a fund and you are interested in what we propose, please write to:

Norman R. Holmes, Chief Executive, West Midlands Enterprise Board Ltd., Lloyds Bank chambers, 75 Edmund Street, Birmingham B3 3HD.



WEST MIDLANDS
ENTERPRISE BOARD LTD

Development Capital for West Midlands Industry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always been adamant that it wanted a complete boycott of the elections. However, after a series of highly emotional meetings over the past few weeks, the party leadership carried the argument that the most effective way to demonstrate the Catholic minority's opposition to the Assembly would be through a massive show of votes at the ballot box. Accordingly, the decision was arrived at that the party would put up candidates for the election but they would not take their seats.

This is a very difficult stance on which to fight an election. Those Catholics who believe the SDLP should participate may well vote elsewhere; those who want a boycott may remain suspicious that candidates, if elected, will be tempted to take their seats at some future date. To try and defuse this all candidates are being asked to sign pledges committing them to abstention. But the fact that very deep reservations do remain may be gauged from the fact that highly respected members of the party, such as Michael Canavan, the spokesman on Law and Order who has been a key organiser since the SDLP was founded, have refused to go forward as candidates. One comment made to me by a moderate Catholic gives some indication of their feelings: 'The main monument to Jim Prior's time here may turn out to be that he has reunited the Unionists and taken Catholics back to the abstentionist politics of the 1950s'.

THE SDLP faces other problems in the forthcoming elections. Provisional Sinn Fein is putting up some of its most popular local heroes. Their much more clear-cut stance of a total boycott of all British parliamentary institutions, including this one, could prove more popular with Catholics in the hard-pressed ghetto areas of Derry and Belfast, as well as Republican strongholds like mid-Ulster and Fermanagh.

At the moment the Northern Ireland Office's line is determinedly optimistic. The elections will go ahead. If this means that only Protestants will turn up to take part in the Assembly, so be it. In its early stages a great deal of time will be taken up with discussing constituency matters and British ministers will be seen to be influenced by what the Assembly members say. It will be made quite clear that those who attend are doing better by their constituents than those who do not.

Actual devolution of powers will not happen unless Protestants are prepared to make the concessions necessary to win the SDLP's agreement. Any hopes that Dr Paisley has of cobbling together 70 per cent cent support for his proposals in the Assembly (the figure which means that the Secretary of State must put them before Parliament) will not be fulfilled. If that means a Protestant walkout, again so be it. That, in turn, might tempt the SDLP in. The official hope is that sooner or later, particularly if Mr Haughey falls from power in the South, the mood will moderate, and politicians being politicians they will want to talk to one another. If this fails, (and one senses a deepening realisation that it probably will) well at least it should last long enough to keep things going until the next British general election. □

CIVIL DEFENCE

Planning for genocide

In a third report based on his forthcoming book* DUNCAN CAMPBELL, with PHIL STEADMAN, describes how the government underestimates the nuclear death toll

PRECISELY BECAUSE nuclear war would be so devastating, even the most aggressive military hawks are prepared to pay lip service to the ideal of nuclear disarmament.

Over the years, however, there has been a systematic willingness to forget or underestimate exactly *how* devastating the Bomb would be.

Whitehall has produced estimates of how many would die in a nuclear attack on Britain. Until two years ago, these estimates were rigorously kept secret. But now claims have emerged that between 75 and 85 per cent of the population would survive a nuclear war. Such claims are frequently made in support of the government's 'civil defence' campaign. Two years ago, Home Office minister Lord Belstead claimed that the government's civil defence precautions would be responsible for 'saving' half the total number of survivors, then estimated at 47-49 million.

This absurd claim for civil defence has been repeated since as though it were a scientific calculation, although an examination of the original study on which it is based shows that it is a mere 'guesstimate'. More insidious, however, are the claims the government now makes as to the overall survival level after a nuclear attack. These are based on computer studies of nuclear attack on Britain which are riddled with errors.

The Home Office claims that 85 per cent of the population (or about 46 million) would survive an attack. The realistic figure is between 10 and 20 million. And that is only the immediate death toll. Furthermore, civil defence plans – if followed – would produce millions more casualties than if there were none at all. Remarkably, this can be proved from the Home Office's own figures.

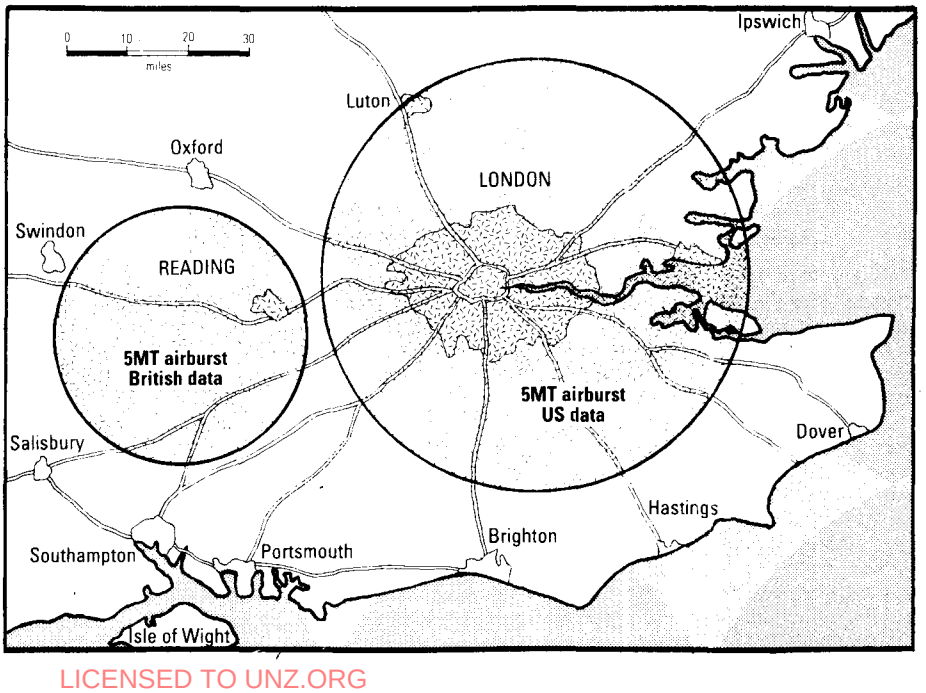
NUCLEAR TESTS held in the 1950s and 1960s provide the fundamental information from which estimates of the destructive power of the Bomb can be fashioned. First, there is the crushing blast wave which for a large (5 megaton) H bomb would probably demolish houses across an area of 130 square miles, shatter roofs more than 15 miles away, and break windows more than 30 miles away. Next, there is the 'heat flash', which ignites anything combustible and turns people exposed in the open into charred lumps of meat in a few seconds for up to 15 miles. Then come the pervasive plumes of fallout which, in most projected attacks, will eventually kill more than half as many people again as died from the immediate effects. Further millions will die trapped (because there will be no civil defence rescue services). Almost all the seriously injured will die (because necessary medical care cannot be provided). And many will die from radioactive fallout, disease, starvation, and exposure.

The Home Office's distorted view of the casualties of nuclear war starts by ignoring,

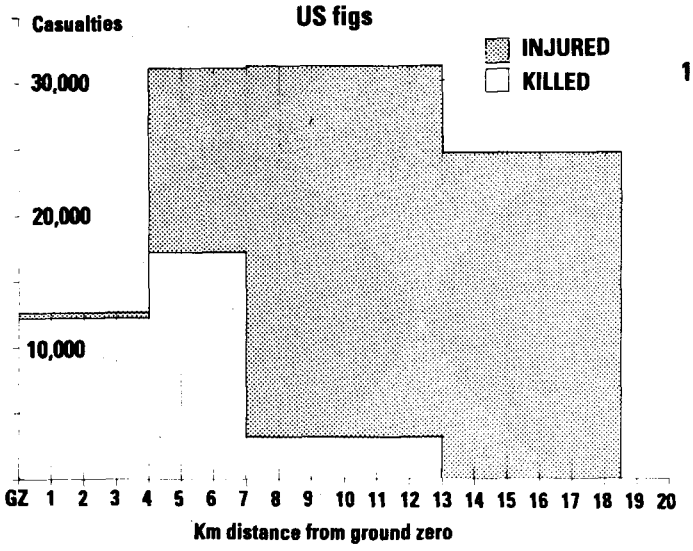
*WAR PLAN UK, to be published on 25 October by Burnett Books/Hutchinson, 488 ppps, paperback £6.95. See advertisement on p 00.

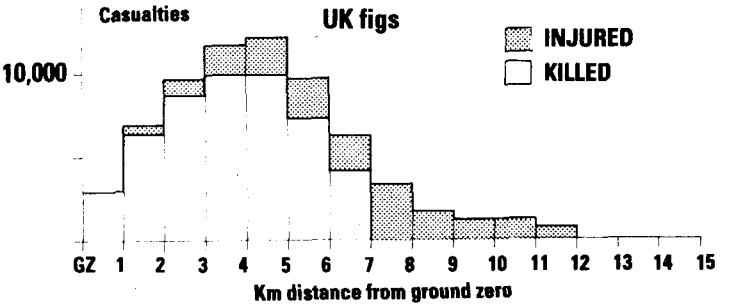
Phil Steadman is Director of the Centre for Configurated Studies at the Open University.

The effects of an airburst nuclear weapon (in this case a 5 Megaton hydrogen bomb) cover a much wider area than the Home Office publication, 'Nuclear Weapons', claims. The outer edge of damaging blast effects, when the pressure from the blast wave is about 0.75 pounds per square inch, can be up to 55 kilometres from the centre of the explosion. The Home Office booklet suggests that the outer edge is only 32½ km from the centre.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





American estimates of casualties caused by the blast effects of nuclear weapons are six to seven times greater than British estimates – although the British government, and NATO, have also circulated the American figures to British civil defence planners without noticing the discrepancy. This example shows the absolute numbers of casualties at varying distances from the explosion centre. The effects shown are for a representative 1 Megaton weapon exploding on a city with a uniform population density of 1000 people per square kilometre. British data describing blast casualties contains many mistakes, and at one particular distance from the centre of an explosion, casualties add up to 115 per cent of the original population. At least 23 years after this mistaken figure was first published, it has not been corrected.

entirely, deaths from:

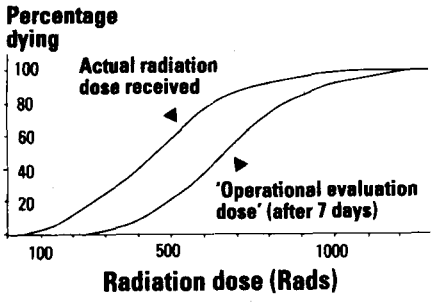
- Burns of any kind;
- Fires in houses or firestorms in cities;
- Disease or plague;
- Starvation, or malnutrition compounding other problems.

But even more serious are the series of errors made in the Home Office's computer programmes, and in the physics on which they are based.

In 1981, a Home Office scientist, Sid Butler, gave a paper on 'Scientific Advice in Home Defence' to the British Association describing in outline how the Home Office got its totals. He claimed, cautiously, that

> for a representative attack of 200 Megatons including city targets at least half and possibly 70 per cent of the population would be expected to survive . . .

In order to make any 'representative' calculation, it is obviously necessary both to know the quantitative effects of the Bomb and to make assumptions about the likely pattern of a nuclear attack. The Home Office produces elaborate tables and diagrams giving the former details, both as an HMSO booklet on 'Nuclear Weapons', and as a special private series, such as the *Training Manual,* and *Operational Handbook for Scientific Advisers.* These and similar publications are distinguished by a remarkable level of internal self-contradiction.



The use of an 'Operational Evaluation (radiation) Dose' in the Home Office's computer calculations significantly reduces casualty levels. For example, at a dose of just over 600 rads, when at least 80 per cent of those getting such a dose would eventually die, the Home Office calculates that only half that number, 40 per cent, would die. The Operational Evaluation Dose is based on the correct observation that people can survive a higher radiation dose if they receive it gradually. But this cannot properly be applied to people sheltering from fallout after an attack, who will receive almost all of their dose in little more than one day. The normal graph of death levels also assumes that everyone would receive full medical care – so casualties after a nuclear war, with medical care officially forbidden for fallout victims, would be even higher than shown here.

The *Operational Handbook,* for example, contains three different tables describing the blast effects of nuclear weapons, giving three different results. Thus it produces figures based on the claim made in most Home Office scientific publications that, if a nuclear weapon is exploded in the air, the range of its effects is increased by only 30 per cent. But a second, more detailed table in the *Operational Handbook* shows that an airburst nuclear weapon increases the range of its effect between at least 40 per cent and 60 per cent.

The fundamental discrepancies are between British and American sources of information. In the United States, official data from bomb tests has been the basis for a standard published textbook, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons,* by Samuel Glasstone and Philip Dolan, and a major study by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment (OTA). Most of the data that the Home Office has circulated to its scientific advisers is in fact reproduced from Glasstone and Dolan. Some is reproduced from the OTA study. It is a remarkable testament to the Home Office's competence that it has apparently circulated this material without warning that it entirely contradicts its own studies, contained in the same reports.

The Home Office figures for blast casualties were produced in the mid-1950s, based on studies of the effects of Second World War high explosive bombs. The resulting data was turned into graphs, known as 'ARC', giving figures for the percentages of dead, trapped, and seriously injured at different ranges from the explosion centre. This graph (fundamental to all British civil defence estimates) is, bluntly, dishonest.

As the diagrams (above) show, the US OTA casualty estimates are much higher than ARC's and more plausible. 5 miles from a 5 Megaton explosion, for example, ARC graphs give no one killed, about 5 per cent injured and 3 per cent trapped. At this sort of distance, the OTA study reports, there will be 50 per cent killed and 40 per cent seriously injured. Similar comparisons apply at almost every distance; ARC's casualties fall to zero at about 8 miles from an explosion when the OTA suggests that one quarter of the population will be injured up to 13 miles away from the explosion.

The assumption in the ARC figures that nuclear weapons are like high explosive bombs is wrong. They produce blast waves whose duration and characteristics are far more devastating, often causing houses to explode outwards. The Home Office has also made no allowance for the fact that post-war British housing stock is flimsier in its blast (and radiation) resistance than pre-1950 buildings. A separate Home Office report in 1981 on the civil defence computer model pointed out that:

> the blast from nuclear weapons compared with conventional weapons seems certain to result in much greater house damage, and therefore more casualties . . .

The same paper, by one of the inventors of the computer model, Mr P. R. Bentley, also identified three other factors which needed revision, as well as warning that the programme did not set out to calculate *all* the casualties from an attack – a qualification blithely ignored in statements for public consumption.

SO FAR AS radiation effects are concerned, the main plank of the government's civil defence advice to the public – set out in *Protect and Survive* – is to build a radiation shelter in the centre of your own home. If this were done properly, the level of radiation reaching those not killed by blast or fire could be reduced to anything from 3 to 30 per cent of its level outside – making a significant difference to survival rates. The extent to which a house and fall out shelter achieve this is

THE **SPARK** CIVIL DEFENCE EXHIBITION NOW ON SALE

6 A1 full colour printed panels on 300 gsm card – *'Civil Defence who needs it, In the event of a nuclear attack, The realities of nuclear war. . . .'*

Simple graphics, many from HMG, are strikingly transposed on to original text. Technical information from SANA. For immediate campaigning use. Hard Rock is postponed, but Hard Luck continues.

Exhibition and details from CND Sales (263 5673) or SPARK (673 7901. evenings).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called its Protective Factor, or PF. Once again, the Home Office estimates of protective factors are wildly higher (and estimated casualties consequently far lower) than in equivalent US reports. But in reality, the Home Office has little idea what the real situation is; particularly since post-war houses and modern bungalows have very low PFs. Last year, it published a picture book of houses with different PFs to give local emergency planning officers some idea of their actual local situation. In confidential documents, the Home Office has acknowledged that many people would die from radiation in modern houses, even if they followed *Protect and Survive* to the letter.

The Home Office also takes no account of the fact that houses which have been half-demolished, or had their roofs blown off or windows blown in will not have the same resistance to fallout as they did before the bomb went off. In a major concerted nuclear attack, almost every window in the country would be blown in. (Even in the Hiroshima attack, tiny by modern standards, windows were smashed as far as 17 miles away.) Householders would have little or no time to re-seal their houses against fallout before having to take shelter from radiation. Yet the Home Office computer programme, having first estimated numbers of houses blown down or damaged by blast promptly re-erects them, in effect, in perfect condition when it estimates death from fallout.

The computer calculates the death-toll from radiation on the basis of the estimated dose received, and in particular uses the 'LD50' dose – the level of 'Lethal Dose' at which 50 per cent of those exposed are assumed to die. The Home Office does not however use a realistic radiation dose in this calculation, but a so-called 'Operational Evaluation Dose'. This is based on a figure for radiation at the LD50 level effectively one third higher than the level generally accepted by radiation biologists as lethal. Undaunted, the Home Office now proposes to revise its assumed LD50 radiation dose level *upwards* by a further third.

EVEN IN THIS fairy-tale world of casualty estimates in which fires, burns, disease and other problems are ignored, and all other factors grossly underestimated, some of the figures which emerge are officially embarrassing. In his British Association paper last year, for example, Sid Butler provided graphs showing the likely different survival levels after nuclear attack if the population

(a) obeyed the exhortations of *Protect and Survive* to 'stay put'; or
(b) dispersed, contrary to government advice and civil defence policy.

The figures showed three types of attack – in each case, there were *more* survivors under option (b). In the case of an attack 'primarily on civilian targets', the difference in the death toll was between 6.6 million and 18.7 million dead. In other words, the Home Office's 'stay put' policy would *kill an extra 12 million people*. Indeed, the computer model chillingly assumed that everyone trapped and most of those seriously injured after an explosion would be written-off to die. □

Groucho Marxism without tears

Duncan Campbell (*City Limits*)

'Sax-mad she was.' 'What?' 'Lived for her instrument.' 'That's what I thought you said . . .' (Laughter.)
'There he was, this native, bone through the nose, shrunken heads round his neck . . . carrying his rude spear . . .' (Laughter.)

THOSE TWO EXCHANGES both come from the latest *Two Ronnies* show on BBC-TV. And Tony Allen, compere in Soho's *Comedy Store* and member of the *Alternative Cabaret,* sometimes starts his act: 'This drunk homosexual Pakistani takes his mother-in-law to an Irish restaurant and he says to the West Indian waiter "there's a racial stereotype in my soup".'

For some reason, 'humour', as practised on most club stages and TV programmes, has become conservative territory, colonised by the same kind of people who would have liked to colonise everything else. Yes, the dissidents were allowed their own island, with a flag planted on it by bright young people who named it Satire. But the land-mass has remained a country where the snigger-happy comic roams free.

Back in 1974, the Scottish comedian Billy Connolly came down to the London Palladium. He had already established a devoted following north of the border. But Scottish comedians, like Scottish goalkeepers and Edinburgh rock, often suffer in transit. Here was an exception. He won his word-of-mouth audience not with jokes about lovely pears or back passages, but with a monologue about the Crucifixion and a string of single entendres.

No one since has been quite able to pass on that brand of subversive humour to a mass audience. I can't see Ronnie Barker describing to a full house how Jesus slipped on a dog turd, or hear Bernard Manning making fun of the Army recruitment games. At the time, the *Evening News* predicted that he would disappear into the world of the 'comedy series'. But he didn't. And the *News* went bust.

Last summer, I went on a brief tour of the Middle East with Billy Connolly. In Doha, he addressed a packed house of expatriates, some of them delightful people who had learned the language and loved living there, but a number were those patriotic souls who bend your ear about how the unions have ruined Britain and how dirty the 'cloth-heads' (Arabs) are. It was the time of the Royal Engagement and Billy referred to it: 'Did you notice how they announced it on the day of the latest unemployment figures? Wonder what they'll do for the next lot – find a man for the Queen Mother, I suppose.'

To which some of the more patriotic spectators murmured 'Shame, shame'. And to which Billy replied: 'Aw, c'mawn – I'm one of these people who likes Britain so much he *lives* there.'

Here was a comic being subversive – and you can't get badder than making jokes about the QM, can you? It's one thing to crack jokes about Prince Philip or Lord Denning at a Legalise Cannabis Campaign benefit, but quite another to present them centre stage in Doha.

Nothing happens quite neatly enough to form a theory in show business, but Connolly's success did help to build a suspension bridge between the land occupied by Irish mother-in-laws and cringing Pakis and the island that tried, albeit rather self-consciously, to fight the stereotype rather than exploit it. Fortunately, a crop of new comics have come along to add some dashes of paint to the bridge.

In the meantime, there has been some television comedy which has shifted the balance slightly away from the nudging laugh. In this I'd include some of *Not the Nine O' Clock News* and some of (Victoria) Wood and (Julie) Walters. But television can spell death to true subversives. Removed from the intimacy of a club audience and constrained by the rules on language and taste, they suddenly seemed about a quarter as funny as in their natural smoky late-night habitat. Tony Allen's recent experience with one TV company was that they wanted to excise all swearing and talk about drugs. It resulted in a sequence about the Pope and what he might snort to keep on top of all those gigs being reduced to a series of bleeps.

Of course it's not enough to declare yourself an Alternative Comedian and expect people to laugh at you for your political correctness. Nor is it enough, as another pioneering comedian, Roland Muldoon, observes, to make jokes by 'putting down the left in Soho', referring to regular routines about 'social workers in Stoke Newington' that now appear at the Comedy Store.

For the secret of all real comics – from Groucho Marx backwards and forwards – is subversion. There is nothing subversive about predictability. Sean Hardie (one of the NTNON producers and writers) has a theory that, when people hate or fear something and want to destroy it, they turn it into a stereotype – which is how we come to have such stereotypical Irishmen, gays, social workers, mothers-in-law, busty blondes, Jews and blacks.

Ronnie Barker described programmes like NTNON as 'offensive', presumably because it uses words like cunnilingus', while he would reach the same target by innuendo. NTNON hit back by doing a *Two Ronnies* sketch in which 'our pair' started off with the ground rules: 'Now when I say melons, I mean tits . . .' and so on. Not that it's made much difference to the Rons of this world. Such humour still hides behind a bath-towel with the word 'Bawdy' embroidered on it. □

Duncan Campbell is the News Editor of City Limits *magazine. The book* Billy Connolly: Gullible's Travels, *compiled by Duncan Campbell and illustrated by Steve Bell is published this week by Pavilion Books, £6.95.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEI

Interim results for the half year ended 30th June 1982.

Profit up 20%
Turnover up 22%
Orders in hand £1,156 million
Increased dividend

"This is the fifth anniversary of the formation of NEI and our results for the half-year reflect the continuing development of our businesses and the effectiveness of our response to market conditions."

Duncan McDonald CBE, Chairman.

	HALF YEAR ENDED 30.6.82.	HALF YEAR ENDED 30.6.81.	YEAR ENDED 31.12.81.
TURNOVER	**£405 million**	£331 million	£721 million
PROFIT BEFORE TAXATION	**£18.032 million**	£15.058 million	£33.033 million
PROFIT attributable to NEI Shareholders (after taxation and extraordinary items)	**£10.874 million**	£8.729 million	£19.447 million
EARNINGS PER ORDINARY SHARE–Net basis	**5.21p**	5.11p	10.34p
DIVIDEND PER ORDINARY SHARE	**1.5p**	1.375p	4.125p

Copies of the report are available from the Company Secretary, Northern Engineering Industries plc., NEI House, Regent Centre, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 3SB.

Northern Engineering Industries plc

Engineering for industry worldwide.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Begin loses the Jewish lobby

Do American Jews who have been uncritical of Begin bear any responsibility for the massacre in Beirut?, asks NAT HENTOFF

ALL THE WAY to Beirut, and throughout the indiscriminate bombing and shelling of West Beirut, there was no public criticism of Israel by any of the established American Jewish organisations. Quite the contrary. Israel was continually lauded by leading members of these groups of restoring Lebanon to the Lebanese and for strengthening American influence in the Middle East as Soviet prestige there plummeted.

Behind closed doors, however, there was considerable disquiet among some American Jewish leaders. For instance, the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organisations – encompassing some 34 groups – could not at first bring itself to place pro-Israeli advertisements in newspapers to counter those from ad hoc, wholly unofficial, Jewish committees, attacking the government of Israel for the invasion. Finally (three Washington correspondents for Israeli dailies told me separately), the Israeli government had to lean on the Conference to get it to arrange for pro-Israeli advertisements in the papers.

Meanwhile, talking with Rabbis, members of their congregations and editors of Jewish weekly newspapers around the country, I found the expected response: among rank and file Jews, exceedingly few had a negative word to say in public about the Israeli invasion, even as they watched mutilated Lebanese and Palestinian children on the televisions in their living rooms.

This near-solid wall of defence for Israel has existed in America, and most other Jewish communities, since the Jewish State was born. Though ordinarily chronic dissenters, Jews tend to censor themselves about Israel. One reason is the fear that Israel – so vulnerable a State, no matter how well armed – cannot survive without being utterly sure of American help. And that help, Jews are convinced, is in turn dependent on having the Congress and the President (any President) believe that *all* Jews in America unreservedly support Israel. Since Jews in America can and do make a significant difference at the polls, no politician will want to enrage a wholly unified Jewish voting block.

Guilt is the second reason why a Jew can be ostracized in certain Jewish neighbourhoods for speaking ill of Israel – especially where the Gentiles can hear. A true Zionist, it has long been held by many Zionists who consider themselves true, will leave his country and go to Israel to live. If, however, a Jew stays in America or England or France, then he has no right to participate in any decisions affecting the State of Israel. Only Israelis have that right, because only Israelis live under the gun in a sea of Arabs. Only Israeli children are endangered by terrorists, not the children of American Jews. It follows that American Jews, safe and comfortable, must therefore automatically support anything any Israeli government does.

But this time some Jews did protest passionately – in advertisements and demonstrations – against the invasion of Lebanon and Arik Sharon's terror bombing of Beirut. However, these have mostly been Jews who are not affiliated with synagogues or any long-established American-Jewish organisations. A number do belong to such relatively new groups as New Jewish Agenda, a gathering place for still young Jewish veterans of the anti-war and civil rights movements in the United States. And a number are in the process of building other counter-establishment organisations. But these dissenters are still too small in number to affect the vast majority of American Jews.

Something, however, did begin to startle that majority after the PLO had left Beirut – even before the massacre in the Sabra and Chatila camps. When Menachem Begin rejected the Reagan-Schultz peace plan as if it was a creature of Satan, a clearly discernible crack in the solidarity of the American-Jewish Establishment began to be seen. And rank and file Jews began to wonder if it were now permissible, after all these years, to take public issue with a government of Israel.

Indeed, some Jews began to realise that in Israel, and elsewhere, governments are transient, while the State endures. America has survived Nixon, and indeed had to defenestrate him in order to survive as a constitutional democracy. Maybe, it began to occur to some American Jews, Israel would be more secure, more able to make a secure peace with the Palestinians, without Begin.

But rank-and-file American Jews could not have said this, maybe not even to themselves, had it not been for the savage way Begin had reacted to the Reagan-Schultz plan. After all, the notion of Israel giving up territory for securer boundaries and Arab recognition is not alien to American Jews. A recent poll conducted by the American Jewish Committee showed that 41 per cent favours the return of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip to some form of Arab control. 41 per cent agree with Begin, and 18 per cent are undecided.

Knowing this about their constituents, officials of American Jewish organisations began to distance themselves publicly from Begin. Of course, there have been some whispers of dismay in the past – about the annihilation of the nuclear reactor in Iraq, about the rapidly increasing settlements on the West Bank, and some other Begin policies. But these complaints were so muffled that they received hardly any play in the press and therefore did not change the conviction of the American populace, Jews included, that there could never be a break in Jewish support for any Israeli government.

This time it was different. In a front-page interview in the *New York Times*, Thomas Dine, head of the most powerful political Jewish lobby in the country – The American-Israel Public Affairs Committee – said there was 'a lot of value' in the Reagan-Schultz plan, despite Begin's contemptuous denunciation of the plan as not worth a moment's discussion. And other leading Jewish organisations took a similar line with different degrees of enthusiasm.

Though hardly a revolutionary development by normal standards of public debate, this was practically the first time the entire American Jewish Establishment was at odds in public with a government of Israel. 'I've never seen anything like it before,' said an astonished spokesman for B'nai B'rith. 'An historic development,' proclaimed Hyman Bookbinder, Washington representative of the American Jewish Committee.

Demonstrators outside Israeli offices in New York; dissenters are still a minority in the Jewish community.

AP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 2nd NEW STATESMAN Low Collection

Hilaire Belloc 1926

Arnold Bennett 1926

Joseph Conrad 1926

H. G. Wells 1926

Lloyd George 1926

Lord Chief Justice 1926

Marie Stopes 1933

J. H. Thomas 1926

MORE HISTORIC PRINTS

from only £3 each

Fifty-six years ago, the NEW STATESMAN commissioned the young David Low to sketch the famous of the day. We reproduced his sketches in 1926 and published a second series in 1933. They helped to establish Low as the 20th century's greatest political cartoonist.

Extra copies of his sketches were printed, stored and forgotten – until they were found in our vaults last year.

Last autumn we offered a selection for sale. Now we offer a new selection (illustrated above) with a few (see order form) from last year.

These reproductions are a little blemished by age but are in acceptable condition. As we said at the time: each is 'printed on special cartridge paper by the finest offset process available'. They cannot be repeated in this form: Low's original drawings and the printing plates were destroyed before the war.

The reproductions are available in two ways:

● MOUNTED and FRAMED at £15 each (**to UK and Eire addresses only** – sorry, no overseas orders due to packing problems) including postage and VAT. The mount is dark brown, the frame is plain mid-oak hardwood, about 11in. wide by 13¼in. deep.

● UNFRAMED at £3 each (**to UK and Eire addresses** – overseas prices on application) including postage and VAT.

The framed prints will make original and pleasing Christmas gifts. To be sure of receiving them in time for Christmas, please order before **Wed. 24 November.**

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE	FRAMED @ £15 each	UNFRAMED @ £3 each
Hilaire Belloc		
Arnold Bennett		
Joseph Conrad		
H. G. Wells		
Lloyd George		
Lord Chief Justice		
Marie Stopes		
J. H. Thomas		
NOT ILLUSTRATED		
Lord Beaverbrook		
J. M. Keynes		

Number framed..... Remittance £ .....

Number unframed ..... Remittance £ .....

TOTAL £.....

If any of the prints you want have sold out, may we substitute:

Winston Churchill Yes ☐ No ☐

Ramsay Macdonald Yes ☐ No ☐

If 'No', we will refund your money. Prices are for UK and Eire addresses only. For overseas addresses, please apply for prices of unframed prints (sorry, framed prints not available). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Send this coupon to: **LOW PRINT SALES, NEW STATESMAN, FREEPOST** (no stamp required), **LONDON WC1V 7XD.**
Cheques/postal orders payable to 'New Statesman'.

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS

Name.....

Address .....

..... Post Code .....

Your signature.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind closed doors there was dismay at Begin's leadership long before the march into Lebanon. Over the years, many of the leaders and high level staff members of America's Jewish organisations had been much more comfortable with the Labour governments that Begin had defeated. The major lights of Labour – notably Abba Eban – after all, are far more urbane than the parochial Begin and most of his colleagues. But, more important, American Jewish leaders are not, by and large, religious Zionists. Even most of the Rabbis among them do not agree with Begin that God assigned Judea and Samaria (the West Bank) to the Jewish people for eternity, and that this real estate contract cannot be broken, under any circumstances. Like the leaders of the Labour Party in Israel, most of the American Jewish establishment do not believe that national self-determination depends on keeping every grain of sand mandated by a feverish reading of the Bible.

In any case, the emancipation of American Jews from unwavering deference to any and all Israeli Prime Ministers had begun. And the massacres in Sabra and Chatila have made the break with Begin so wide and so deep that it is unlikely that the seamless public solidarity of the past will ever be wholly restored, no matter who is Prime Minister of Israel. This does not mean any dilution of concern for Israel's security among American Jews and their organisations. It does mean that American Jews now feel able to argue publicly – just as if they were Jews in Israel – about who most endangers that security, even if he is the head of the Israeli government.

An indication of the extent of the break with Begin was a sequence that began with a private meeting on 20 September at the Israeli Embassy in Washington, where a bristling delegation of American Jewish leaders told officials of the Embassy that, whether he liked it or not, Begin had to authorise a totally independent Commission of Enquiry into Israeli responsibility for allowing the Phalangist Christians to indulge their blood lust.

In the past, such a private demand by American Jews of an Israeli Prime Minister would have been rare: but in any case the demand was never made public. This time, however, the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress and B'nai B'rith International did indeed then go public with their call for an independent enquiry.

Just as remarkable was the public presence of a number of Jewish Congressmen, undeviating supporters of Israel in the past, on a list of 31 Members of Congress who sent Menachem Begin a letter on 22 September, warning him that if he did not institute 'a credible and impartial investigation', the resultant suspicion of Israeli involvement in the massacres could 'have very grave consequences for the future relationship between our two countries'.

In time, it is likely to occur to most of the American Jewish Establishment that there would have been no massacres in Beirut with which Israel could have been connected if the Israelis had not been in Beirut: and that there might not have been any Israeli troops in Beirut, if the great majority of American Jews had not been automatically supporting the invasion of Lebanon from the very beginning. A case can, therefore, be made that some responsibility for those massacres should be shared by that very large part of the Jewish community of the United States which until now has been blindly uncritical of Israel. At that point, American Jews may understand that they can best help the Jewish state by being as honest in criticising its more self-destructive urges as are the citizens of Israel. □

NEWER STATESMAN

BIGGER & BETTER! From 15 October, the New Statesman will have more pages . . . better paper . . . and a new look.

FREE BOOKS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS! From 15 October, we shall be offering a FREE BOOK to UK readers who start an NS subscription before Christmas. Readers will be able to choose from FOUR just-published books at varying subscription rates:

- Arthur Marshall's SMILE PLEASE, £9.95, a collection of his delightful NS essays
- SALOME DEAR, NOT WITH A PORCUPINE, £1.95, hilarious entries from our Weekend Competition
- Bretecher's FRUSTRATION, £3.95, a selection of her most biting cartoons
- THIS ENGLAND, £5.95, a compilation of our famous "This England" column

LOW PRINTS! Our offer of historic prints from Low cartoons of the famous will continue through the autumn.

And of course the New Statesman will continue to interpret world events from an independent Left viewpoint while offering its unique coverage of books and the arts.

New Statesman

Every Friday, 60p

Make sure of your copy by ordering it from your newsagent or by subscribing

BEIRUT MASSACRE 2

US silence during killings

Reagan's officials had enough knowledge to intervene in the massacres -- but chose not to, reports CLAUDIA WRIGHT

THE BEIRUT MASSACRE of 16-17 September has put the Reagan administration in an embarrassing and unmanageable position. The killings alone – not the Habib agreement, not the Lebanese government's pleas after the Gemayel assassination, not Israel's takeover of West Beirut – forced the President to send the marines back. This was because of the fear in the White House of appearing to have lost the initiative to the Israelis once again, to have condoned the Begin government's dirty work.

US officials recognize the Beirut massacre is a My Lai affair for the Israelis that could work to the White House's advantage, if it resulted in the resignation of General Sharon. (Mr Moshe Arens, the Israeli Ambassador to the US, is one candidate waiting in the wings, whom Washington would support to succeed Sharon.) But the Americans are also sensitive to allegations that they too are implicated in schemes for Palestinian liquidation, of which the Sabra/Chatila affair was only an extreme example.

Sharon has already pointed a retaliatory finger of accusation at past bloody misdeeds of his current tormenter, the Labour Leader Shimon Peres. The finger could be turned in time on senior US officials, indeed on Mr Reagan himself. They know more about the Beirut massacre than they have yet revealed.

'On Friday, 17 September', according to a State Department 'press guidance' issued last week, 'we started to receive fragmentary information that something was amiss in the Chatila/Sabra refugee areas of Beirut. We did our best to find out what was happening. It was not until Saturday morning, 18 September, that an Embassy officer was able to enter the Chatila camp and observe directly the evidence of the massacre. A report of this eyewitness account was sent to the State Department and received there at around 0500 EDT (5am Washington Time) the same day. In short, we had no advance warning.'

This is a carefully crafted document and it sidesteps what several senior officials knew, said, and did after midnight, Beirut time, on Thursday, 16 September, when the killing started. The evidence suggests that for 12 to 24 hours US officials knew there was killing going on at the camps, but accepted the Israeli explanation that it was part of a 'search and destroy' operation,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intended to liquidate 'terrorist nests' (Sharon's language).

At midnight on Thursday (6pm Washington Time) US Intelligence monitored an Israeli Army radio broadcast announcing that 'purging operations' by the Phalangists were underway in the camps. During these operations, the firing of flares over Sabra and Chatila – provided by the Israelis to illuminate the killing ground – were clearly visible at the US Embassy to the north. The following day, Robert Barrett, the retiring deputy to the US Ambassador, discussed what had been happening with the Lebanese Prime Minister, Shafiq Al-Wazzan, who spoke of the fear of a massacre that was then sweeping the Moslem community. Barrett promised the US would do what it could.

Later in the afternoon, Barrett telephoned Amin Gemayel to check whether there were Phalangist forces in the camps. Gemayel confirmed there were, but said they were not there on his orders.

Barrett's cables arrived for the Friday morning shift at the State Department. At 1.39pm, a telex from Yasser Arafat arrived at the PLO office in Washington, saying that Haddad's militiamen had entered the camps and that 'this very dangerous development could result in a mass massacre of Palestinian civilians.' The information was relayed immediately to a senior Arab diplomat, who conveyed it to the State Department. In mid-afternoon a US official responded by saying that the US Embassy in Beirut had sent someone to the camps, but that he had not been able to enter them and had seen nothing. The official also reported an assurance given that day by Israeli Foreign Minister, Yitzhak Shamir, that the Israeli forces only wanted to stay in West Beirut for the 'New Year' – that began on 17 September. The later 'press guidance' covers up this message. Nicholas Veliotes, the Assistant Secretary of State responsible for the Middle East, has subsequently claimed that the first he heard of a massacre in the camps was at 7pm on Friday night.

At 2 o'clock, Lawrence Eagleburger, the Acting Deputy Secretary of State, was summoned to the Senate for a closed-door briefing on the situation in Beirut. A Senator who attended the meeting says Eagleburger referred to the Israeli move into West Beirut as a violation of the Habib agreement, but he did not refer to Israeli movement around the camps nor to the killings there the night before. A Senator recalls, however, that 'the interpretation . . . was that the Israelis believed the potential existed for fighting in the refugee camps.'

That was the Israeli cover story, and it was the explanation for reports of the Thursday night killings – as many as 300, according to Israeli press reports – that was given by Foreign Minister Shamir on Friday. Arafat's and Barrett's cables warned against that explanation – the US Embassy in Beirut knew that if militiamen were in the camps, a massacre was very likely. Veliotes knew that was the assessment. Before Eagleburger left for Capitol Hill, he had been briefed about the situation. But Washington decided, in the last hour before the Friday night horror, to stick to the Israeli distinction between a massacre of civilians and the killing of 'terrorists'.

At 2.45 on Friday afternoon, as Eagleburger was at the Senate, President Reagan arrived for a political meeting at Whitehouse, New Jersey. The press was excluded, but he was clearly overheard making a statement justifying Israel's troop moves. 'What led to the move back in,' Mr Reagan said, 'was the . . . attack on (Israel's) forces by some of the leftist militia that are still there in West Beirut.'

This statement dismayed State Department officials, who only the day before, in co-ordination with the White House, had issued a statement condemning Israel's move and calling for an immediate pullback. Officials knew the President was twisting the facts. The only fighting by the leftist militia had occurred after the Israeli move, and in resistance to it.

Whatever facts were in the President's mind, it remains obvious that his judgment was that 'fighting' justified Israeli actions. At that point, if the administration had wanted to prevent any further killing in the camps, it had precious little time to signal the Israelis to stop it. Whether the American failure to signal the Israelis to stop would have been effective is difficult to say. That they didn't try – out of negligence or out of conviction that the 'purging operations' were acceptable – is now obvious. □

HONG KONG

From gangsters to bureaucrats

Urgent public discussion is needed on the future of the people of Hong Kong, argues JON HALLIDAY

ADDRESSING BUSINESSMEN in Hong Kong on Monday, Mrs Thatcher sounded both unconvincing and unconvinced about the future of the colony. Rather unwisely, she maintained the validity of the 19th century unequal treaties by which Britain had acquired the territory and she made it abundantly clear that her government and China's had failed, by a very wide margin, to agree about either what the future of Hong Kong should be or how that future could be brought about.

For the people of Hong Kong, there is little time for muddle, posturing or secrecy. Beijing talks about sovereignty; Mrs Thatcher talks about a 'moral responsibility' to the inhabitants. Both governments collude in rejecting democratic discussion. Mrs Thatcher claims that confidentiality is essential to the confidence on which Hong Kong allegedly survives.

God's Worried

by

Roger Woddis

When a **New Statesman** Weekend Competition called for anagrams of contributors' names, Martin Sherwood came up with a winning entry for Roger Woddis: 'God's Worried'. Hence the title of this collection which covers a decade of Roger's verse for the **New Statesman.**

Invited to join the paper in 1970 by Richard Crossman, Roger has continued every week to provide his acid comments in verse on the world's idiocies. **James Cameron** writes in his foreword:

> I like writing forewords for Roger's books; to be assembled within the same cover is like sharing a taxi with Swift. He is – almost alone today – in the direct tradition of the 18th-century satirists . . . Roger is a journalist, albeit 20 times more able than most of us – wittier, defter, more skilfully bitter. To be simultaneously sardonic and sentimental is his unique gift.

These poems, parodies or originals, vary widely in theme and form. But they have one thing in common – they are all brilliantly crafted, unsparing in their irony and, above all, supremely enjoyable.

Cover design and illustrations by John Minnion

Out now

Available from good bookshops or direct from Ted Peacock, **New Statesman,** 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1, £2.25 (including postage & packing).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Could there not be a different sort of confidence which rests on both trust and openness?) The Beijing government does not have the same worries and does not bother to justify its procedures in public. Its standard secrecy can thus be unscrupulously exploited by the British government to damp down discussion amongst the people of Britain and Hong Kong.

The current population of Hong Kong is probably about six million of whom some 98 per cent are ethnic Chinese, many of them having fled from the People's Republic. Under the new British Nationalities Act very few of these have the right of abode in the UK, or indeed anywhere else outside Hong Kong. But recent opinion polls show that many of them would be most uneasy about living under Beijing rule. The British government has no right to oppose Chinese sovereignty, but it does have an obligation to start planning now to ensure that the transition takes place with the minimum of human suffering.

Most of the comment so far has concentrated on the dangers to business. Too little thought has gone on how and under what system of legal and civil rights Hong Kong's people will live. There are good grounds for thinking that Beijing will want to provide certain guarantees to Hong Kong for the last thing it wants on its hands is a huge flop. In the wider struggle to reunify the whole of China, Beijing also wants Hong Kong to be an example to influence people in Taiwan. But whatever China decides, it is obvious that a lot of people will want to get out of Hong Kong, starting very soon. Amongst them there will be, as always, property speculators, corrupt police officers, triad gangsters, dope pushers – as well as ordinary hard-working people. Some – mainly those with money or good connections – may be able to resettle in Taiwan or Singapore. How will the government handle its moral responsiblity for the rest, especially given the current lack of enthusiasm for immigration?

Britain also has a political responsibility for promoting democracy in Hong Kong – though not by setting up a false plebiscite which might vote for a quite unrealistic secession from China. But it was British colonial rule which brought in legislation to make it extremely difficult for trade unions in Hong Kong to establish international affiliations (even with China or Britain) and which refused to ratify many important International Labour Organisation conventions in Hong Kong – even when they were implemented in Britain.

So far, such a commitment to political principle is sorely lacking. Indeed Mrs Thatcher is repeating one of the major blunders of the Falklands campaign: the defence of the territory is largely entrusted to Nepalese mercenaries, the Gurkhas. Their use in the Falklands earned Britain a very bad name at the UN and internationally, especially in Asia. Mercenaries can not ease a transition in Hong Kong nor, if there were a showdown, can they do more than irritate the Chinese.

STARTING WITH the Opium Wars, Britain did steal part of China in a thoroughly damaging and reprehensible way. Since then, the impact of British rule has been, at the least, ambiguous. It has tolerated prostitution, drug trafficking, and very poor working conditions. But it is also true that people enjoy rights in Hong Kong which are not possible in China. Knowledge that within 15 years China will have asserted its right to sovereignty in Hong Kong could intimidate the democratic movement in Hong Kong. It is Britain's responsibility to encourage those who want to express their views openly and contribute to an optimum solution.

They are unlikely to welcome one possible future that Beijing might be envisaging for the territory. Hong Kong represents more than a profitable economic community. It is to China what Miami is to Cuba: the goal not only of those who hate and fear socialism, but also the fantasy land of corrupt bureaucrats – a place where you can make money, buy sex, eat better food and listen to pop music. By guaranteeing to throw Hong Kong to the party cadres and China's own bourgeoisie, Zhao Ziyang, the Chinese premier, who worked in Canton, may be giving himself a 'no lose' political line and consolidating his position with frustrated personnel in China who want to enjoy the fruits of 'modernisation' quickly.

The future cannot be entrusted to Mrs Thatcher's government alone. As the Labour Party winds up its annual conference it might spare a thought for its international obligations. The Left in Britain, as much as the Right, has shown itself reluctant to face up to its responsibility for the conditions which now exist in Hong Kong. But it is better to think about its responsiblity now rather than when people may be drowning in the South China sea. The collapse of Hong Kong may remove a major trade competitor and give some people the opportunity to make a lot of money. Will the people of Hong Kong be lost sight of? □

Jon Halliday was the (anonymous) author of Hong Kong: A Case to Answer *(Spokesman Books) and has written widely on East Asia.*

ARGENTINA

Military monolith ends

ANDREW THOMPSON asks if the armed forces can reform themselves

WILL ARGENTINA have a civilian government by March 1984, as promised by the current military regime in the wake of the war with Britain?

On the surface, there are abundant motives for a military withdrawal from politics. The monetarist economic policies introduced by the regime after the 1976 coup, despite apparent initial success, have failed. Real wages have fallen by at least 50 per cent. Industrial production is below its 1970 levels. Unemployment and underemployment together affect up to two million people. Critics of military rule say simply that the Generals are guilty of 'shrinking the country'. And there is now the reaction against the human rights violations in the 1970s and the debacle in the South Atlantic earlier this year.

From the armed forces' point of view, a withdrawal to barracks is a complex and possibly dangerous operation. Taking power, in short, is easier than handing it back.

Military politics remains crucial to the country's immediate future. After the war with Britain, all three armed forces began a process of reorganisation. The Air Force was the first to announce a new commander and a considerable number of senior officers were pressed into early retirement. The Navy, also with a new commander, is in the process of purging its ranks (eighteen senior officers are on the way out). The Army, always the dominant force because of its size, is still working out the lists of transfers, retirements and promotions.

The key issue under debate is not whether to call for a return to democracy, but how and when. President Reynaldo Bignone, appointed by army commander General Cristino Nicolaides without the support of the other two forces, has specifically promised that there will be a civilian government by March 1984. But there are continuing rumours that he may be removed. His military critics argue that he fails to realize that the armed forces must take certain key steps before handing power over to the civilians.

One of these is to investigate the allegations of corruption and 'excesses' committed by the security services during the 1970s. Some younger officers argue that the purges so far within the Air Force and the Navy are not enough. In fact, the once-monolithic 'pact of silence' on these matters within the armed forces has already broken down. A former Finance Secretary has been accusing a former Navy commander, Admiral Emilio Massera, of involvement in corruption and kidnaps. The arrest in Switzerland of Licio Gelli, the Italian financier and member of the notorious P-2 Masonic Lodge, has made an impact in Argentina. Gelli was using an Argentine diplomatic passport, and has links with senior military officers in Argentina.

Then there is the economy. The current Economy Minister, Dr Jorge Wehbe, has been trying to tread a middle path, holding talks with the International Monetary Fund, agreeing to a lifting of the financial sanctions between Britain and Argentina (essential for a renegotiation of the $40 billion foreign debt). Wehbe is aware that accepting an IMF-sponsored austerity programme would have a high political cost. While he may yet sign a stand-by loan with the IMF, he is proceeding cautiously. A three-year austerity programme would run into the period of civilian government, and would therefore tie the hands of the future elected administration. For this reason, Wehbe is hoping for some kind of intermediate arrangement, looking for consensus among the political parties. Soon the Junta will begin to function again (the three commanders have decided to come together to end the dangerous power vacuum) but they still have serious differences of opinion. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Christopher Price MP

I love Blackpool, and went without a coat or a glance at the weather forecast, sentimentally confident of reliving idyllic, teenage Septembers of the later 1940s. Most MPs and journalists seem to hate the place and, I fear, reason was on their side this week. In spite of investing in a kagool ('it's the new fashion, sir: we haven't stocked plastic macs for some time now') passage from the Imperial Hotel to the Winter Gardens has been a howling, soaking ordeal, through wind-tunnelled streets. At first I thought it was an augury of everything to come. But not so.

○

The first harbinger of hope was Jim Mortimer in the Militant debate. For the first time since Arthur Henderson the Labour Party has a General Secretary who can hold the Conference without rhetoric through intellectual authority alone. It wasn't a witch hunt, he said: opinions were not in question: it was simply a matter of upholding the constitution. Nor did he try to rubbish Militant, like Roy Grantham who followed later. Militant were 'profoundly mistaken' in many of their views. The language was suddenly utterly different from the mindless Left/Right warfare of the past few years. It is not certain how much the NEC will appreciate their new, intelligent General Secretary. The European Socialist tradition is to have a powerful Secretary General, a politician in his own right. It has been the NEC's persistent habit of downgrading the job to *apparatchik* level over the two decades since Morgan Phillips's death, together with Wilson's personal, mafiosi-style of leadership, that has so weakened the authority of the party over its membership. I hope Jim turns the job from General Secretary into Secretary General.

○

Last year Michael Foot got a narrow majority of personal backers on the NEC. Now, thanks to further machinations of John Golding and his trade union friends, it is a dangerously large right wing NEC, possibly with a built-in witch-hunt majority. I hope Michael doesn't become its prisoner. He's leant much too far to the right these past three years, in handing out shadow front bench jobs and Select Committee chairmanships to social democrats, usually to no avail. Many left anyway. He should realise that those of us who voted for him voted for a regime as different in style from the Callaghan/Wilson years as Thatcher is from Heath.

○

One of the best of the new NEC recruits is John Evans, Michael Foot's PPS. He represents a rag-bag of organisations – Co-ops, Fabians, Socialist professionals of one sort of another and Poale Zion which made a last-minute switch from Huckfield to abstention, occasioned not by Monday's Day of Atonement, as rumoured, but a Day of Arm-twisting on Sunday by 'moderate' PLP elders. But far the biggest block-vote within this section belongs to the Labour Clubs, who, also after a little gentle persuasion, switched this year from Huckfield to Evans. He is the antithesis of the 'polyocracy brigade' – so hated by Alan Watkins and Paul Johnson (who both believe they invented the word.) An ex-shipyard apprentice from Jarrow, he will no doubt be vilified by the Left as an archetypal Right winger. He isn't. As part of a little band of anti-Europe Euro-MPs in the '70s, he held with distinction the chair of Regional Affairs in the European Parliament, and was displaced for his pains by a Right-wing PLP conspiracy. Like Michael, he needs to watch his back.

○

The saddest defeat is that of Joan Lestor, who has been a thoroughly civilising influence on the NEC. Michael Foot softened the blow by offering her a Cabinet job after the election. But even she might admit that Audrey Wise, her replacement, is more at home with the new militant feminists, hammering away at Britain's and Labour's ingrained male chauvinism. Their influence is all-pervasive. Chairing the all-male education brains trust panel, Caroline Benn was calling men and women from the audience in mathematically precise alternation. But the women have a rival lobby of quite as persistent proportions. 'Gay 16 OK' was their most popular button.

The announcement of the NEC election results takes place in a form normally exclusive to Hungarian and English prep schools – surname first, christian name second. Healey Denis smirked appropriately when his unopposed election as Deputy Leader was read out. One whispered right wing scenario is that, round about Easter next year, Michael Foot has a Macmillan type illness and Healey Denis inherits his rightful leadership of party and country. I'm sure he'd be quite good at putting his ample boot into Mrs Thatcher: but I'm sure that once in power he'd be tempted to put it just as hard into the trade unions, as he did in 1976 with his 5 per cent. The union leadership, having been once bitten, would be shy of this solution to Labour's low rating at the polls. Indeed the vote on Militant seems to have disposed of the leadership as a current issue. Foot's speech to conference, though nowhere up to the best of his virtuoso Commons performances, was carefully worked-out and sufficient to deter those plotting to replace him. Though Kinnock, Hattersley and Shore were as much in evidence as ever, they were not being feted as possible future Prime Ministers.

○

At last Labour is taking the arts seriously again. The best attended fringe meeting on the Sunday before Conference was entitled 'Labour and the Arts'. It sandwiched a serious speech by Phillip Whitehead between Barnsley jokes by Stan Richards and Colin Welland's prophecy of an uninterrupted diet of costume drama on TV. In recent years Labour's image has suffered quite as much from sheer lack of imagination as it has from sectarian strife – yet a vast array of witty artistic talent is just waiting to be brought into the fray. I hope the meeting is followed up next year – not to produce the odd comedian at election meetings, but to weld a credible cultural policy to our economic ones, as the Left do in Greece and Italy.

ROGER WODDIS

Enemies

The Government's Think Tank has proposed abolishing the National Health Service, privatising higher education and ending the up-rating of social security benefits in line with inflation.

The loins of the city are tightly girded,
The enemy gathers beyond the gate:
Chronic complainers, the lawless legions
Summon their strength from the nether regions
And threaten our warfare state.

There at the head stands the eyeless captain,
Behind him the deaf and the homeless brute,
The woman parading her nervous tension,
The envious old on a soaring pension,
Nor one in a decent suit.

The war that began in a smirk of waving
Now must be waged in the haggard street:
Cripples and aspirants robbed of learning,
These are the enemies due for burning,
The many we must defeat.

Fear not the weak and the listless children,
These will succumb to the bumping pitch:
Those who hold fast to the reins of power,
Thinking of tanks in their finest hour,
Defend the deserving rich.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ 'This suite has its own dining area, lounge and kitchen,' says a spokeswoman. 'And deep pile carpets. You get people like the queen staying there. Well, perhaps not the queen, but we have had Freddie Laker.' – *Sunday Times* (Martin G. John)

☐ In the words of a police officer, Scott, aged 49, was 'embracing an inflated female doll and caressing it in an indecent manner'. When asked for an explanation, Scott replied: 'I only wanted to make people happy.' – *Manchester Evening News* (S. Tushingham)

☐ Sexagenarian rowdies have brought football-style heckling to the placid greens of the sport of bowls. – *Observer* (G. Moor)

☐ I wonder if the Duke of Edinburgh realises the lengths to which people go to please him. Douglas Alexander, of the Hotel Bristol, told fellow master-chefs that he put himself in the deep freeze with a sorbet intended for a dinner the Duke was attending, to ensure that it should be just the right consistency. 'I came out stiff with cold,' Alexander said, 'but the sorbet was a dream.' – *The Times* (R. Burnett)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Labour and the Common Market

Barbara Castle, MEP

I welcome the frank and hard-hitting letter about my article from my British Labour colleagues in the European Parliament, Alf Lomas and Richard Balfe (*NS* 10 Sept.). It is in keeping with the tradition of vigorous but amiable knock-about argument over EEC matters we have built up in our British Labour Group, where each of the seventeen members seems to have a different point of view.

But I am sorry their argument this time is not up to the intellectual level I expect from them. They say I have done a U-turn: on what? On the unacceptability of Britain remaining a member of the EEC under the Treaty of Rome rules? On the contrary, if they will do me the courtesy of re-reading my article carefully, they will find I say the exact opposite. Am I selling out on the alternative economic strategy? Again, on the contrary I stress the need to give the pursuit of that strategy over-riding priority and I have no illusions that this will bring us into conflict with the European Commission. I am prepared to weather that.

In fact I don't say in my article that Britain should 'remain a member of the Common Market' at all. The heading which you, sir, chose to put on my article was: 'Let Them Throw Us Out'. Clearly, you had read the article.

Most journalists grasped that I was talking about tactics, not strategy. I want to concentrate all the electorate's attention on our policy for reviving British industry and creating jobs. I don't want to give our powerful enemies the chance to confuse this issue by alarmist talk about the effects of withdrawal. I want us to clear the decks, announce in detail the economic policies which will be pursued by the next Labour government and our determination not to let our membership of the EEC stand in the way. It will then be for the European authorities to decide how they are going to react: whether they are willing to chance the rules to enable us to stay in, or whether they will move to throw us out. And I believe that in doing it this way we shall have the support of a number of European Socialists instead of the hostility which a policy of withdrawal for withdrawal's sake evokes. Surely the next Labour government will not be so secure and so powerful that it can airily wave aside the need for socialist allies?

Incidentally, I find it rather naive to suggest, as Alf and Richard do, that there will be no constitutional wrangles at all about the implementation of the withdrawal policy. Either course of action will be full of difficulties and in each case it will be necessary to start by repealing the European Community Act 1972. I want the party to discuss the implications in depth, as it has so far failed to do, and to start a debate on the advantages and disadvantages of the alternatives.

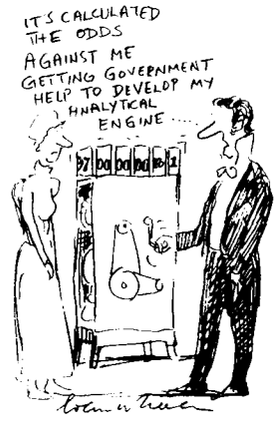
As for my fitness to be leader of the British Labour Group, I am at the disposal of the members of the Group who elected me. We are all, of course, answerable to the local parties who selected and helped to elect us to the European Parliament. I have already made my views clear to a number of them and I am setting in train a series of discussions with my own local parties about my article. I find it hard to believe that they will not be able to distinguish between a U-turn and the desire to apply a policy more effectively.

Babbage's engines

Anthony Hyman, London NW3

In a letter to you about my biography, *Charles Babbage, Pioneer of the Computer* (*NS* 10 September), Mr Fyffe raises the hoary old story that Babbage was born in Totnes. I published some years ago conclusive evidence that Babbage was born on the Walworth Road near the Elephant and Castle, and Miss Moseley's suggestion that Babbage did not know where he was born is fatuous.

Further: the Analytical Engines were to be controlled by punched



cards, not tape; and they were programmable calculators, not stored program computers, properly speaking; although Babbage did also envisage most of the features of the modern computer, including binary-coded addressing, stored addresses, distributed microprogramming, pipelining, even array processing.

But the crucial point, on which your reviewer clearly placed his finger, is that Babbage and his friends sought to develop Britain's industry and commerce on a scientific basis in accordance with Babbage's celebrated doctrine of the union of theory and practice. Now, when the Labour Party – and particularly the extreme left – is wedded to luddism, overmanning, and bureaucracy, the story of the first great attempt to base industry on science and information technology is full of lessons of first-rate topical importance.

Heresies dispelled

Henry Neuburger, London N1

I feel I should reply to some of the points raised in the correspondence about my article on economic models. Michael Posner points out that SSRC is politically neutral. The general point which underlay my article was the political nature of some of the technical disputes over economic modelling. The remark Michael quotes was not relevant to that argument. In the enthusiasm of my diatribe against Liverpool, I was misled into that ill-judged sentence.

The political aspect of econometric methodology is the point which I feel is ignored by Jeremy Bray (Letters 3 September) when he refers to 'the relevance of objective testing to economic theories.' As I tried to argue in my article, there cannot be a unique mechanical procedure for determining the truth of economic theories from the so-called facts. Jeremy suggests that we should be safe from monetarism, if we could expose its fallacies using sound econometric technique. The Enquiry by the Treasury Select Committee into Monetarism, which Jeremy was so influential in instigating, did a great deal in this direction. It provided a great deal of valuable ammunition. But it can hardly be said to have destroyed monetarism.

I for one should not be prepared to accept monetarism merely because equations implied by its theories passed certain econometric tests. Neither I suspect would Jeremy. The process by which Keynesianism was dethroned is a complex and to me still mysterious one. Conversations with converts have not suggested to me that econometric technique was a major factor. The absence of a political dimension to the Keynesianism of the sixties seemed to be a more serious weakness in its defences.

I do not wish to dispute with Jeremy on his other arguments. He does not challenge my assertion that Cambridge's forecasting record is at least as good as anyone else's. That, rather than any of the techniques by which they obtain their results, seems to be the best test of their methodology.

Asbestos deaths

David Gee National Health & Safety Officer, General and Municipal Workers' Union

I was pleased to see Richard Peto in print ("The Dangers of Asbestos' 10 September) and relieved to see that he put a two fold uncertainty around his estimate of 1,000 a year for current asbestos-related deaths. The last mesothelioma figure for England, Scotland (it kills just as quickly there too, Richard) and Wales was 434 (1980) and the 1982 figure will probably top 500, if the rising trend continues at the same rate. Using Peto's three times multiplier for other asbestos diseases (mainly lung cancer) and ignoring his brother's view that 5 or 6 is a more appropriate multiplier, then we clearly have 2,000 deaths a year now. That too is an underestimate because of the under-diagnosis of both asbestosis and mesothelioma. One US study showed, for example, that mesothelioma on death certificates (the basis for UK figures) underestimated the true rate (determined by 'best evidence' from autopsy, surgical and clinical data) by 3½ times, and by 2 times for asbestosis (Nicholson et al). There may be some off-setting reduction in cancers at the misdiagnosed sites, but not enough to reduce this new multiplier by below say 2 times, which gives us about 4,000 current asbestos-related deaths a year. Let's hope this is too high, but if we discount it, and just extrapolate from the current, well-founded US estimate of 8,500 asbestos deaths rising to 10,000 by 1990 (Nicholson) this will give us UK equivalent figures of about 2,000 and 2,500 respectively. The total to be expected over the next 30 years is likely to be nearer 70,000 than the 50,000 that Peto estimates.

Whatever the figure it represents a public health disaster which was predictable and preventable. The bulk of deaths will occur in the shipyard and construction workers, of all trades, who were exposed to sprayed asbestos and other asbestos insulation when it was applied to ships and buildings between about 1940 and 1974. Most readers of the *New Statesman* will be more interested in the politics of the process whereby known preventative measures were not adopted, than in the exact size of the tragedy. That history remains to be written. Meanwhile, what are our Ministries doing to minimise the numbers, disability and suffering of those 50-70,000 victims that are waiting to die?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETÉCHER

and ever shall be

Peter just doesn't understand me

of course he's got his work so he's always away and I'm stuck at home with the kid, but that's normal

what do you mean, normal?

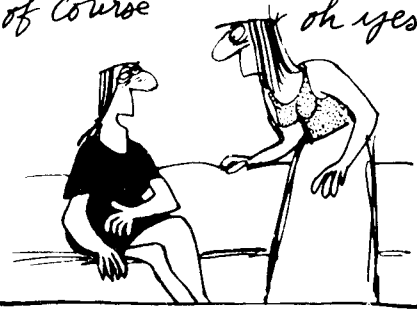
I mean he's a man and men are different

what do you mean different?

well I couldn't do what he does, women just aren't the same

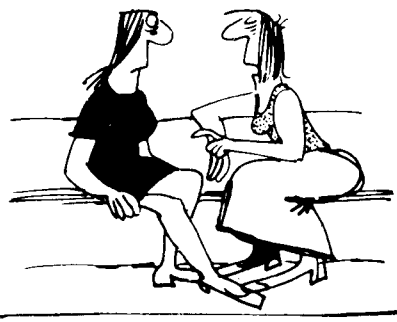
not the same?

Peter says a woman with the curse is good for nothing, before, during and after and he's right of course



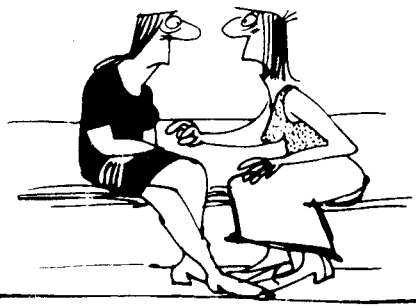
oh yes?

O.K, look, I know it's not your fault but listen Anna...



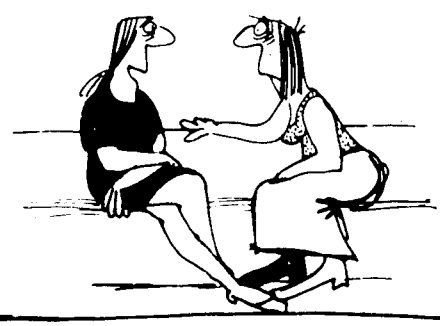
you're typical... a victim of paternalism male chauvinism... the whole macho myth...

economically and socially oppressed... castration complex.. loss of personality



Time you told Peter to fuck off... stood up for yourself... I'll help you no longer alone... millions of us struggling

yes... of course you're right... but how? We women are so weak aren't we?



Claire BRETÉCHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who was who now

DAVID EDGAR reviews Alan Watkins' retrospective study of eminent contemporaries

ALAN WATKINS, according to the dust-jacket of his book, was born in 1933, the son of a Carmarthenshire schoolmaster. He was educated at Amman Valley Grammar School, Ammanford, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he read Law and became Chairman of the Labour Club. His book is a series of biographical sketches of some of his friends. He has called it *Brief Lives*, after John Aubrey, and has written of his subjects in the past tense. This gives the disconcerting impression (to this reader at least) that Watkins' subjects are all dead, and no-one has told him. It was even more disconcerting when – as is true in several cases – they actually were and somebody had. At the top of each chapter Watkins writes in the date of birth of his subject, and then either the date of death or a blank. It will thus be easy, as the years go by, to fill in the blanks and keep the book up to date, without any need to alter the grammar.

Watkins was a good gossip and a clever parodist. His annual (or was it bi-annual?) pastiche of an Eighteenth Century Almanac in the *Observer* added – as he might have put it – to the gaiety of nations (or, indeed, to the public stock of harmless pleasures). He was a good maker (and employer) of phrases and epigrams, particularly when writing about the Labour Party (or 'the People's Party', as he liked to describe it). He invented – I think – the acronym TGMOO (for This Great Movement Of Ours: a popular rhetorical flourish). He was also fond of describing meetings within the party as 'gatherings of workers, peasants and intellectuals', and the factions of both Left and Right as 'among the most desperate characters in Europe'. It was no surprise therefore to find the book often witty and informative. The fact that much of it read like a dust-jacket biography of Alan Watkins is understandable, both because of the book's chosen model and because, once having got into it, it is a very tricky style to get out of.

The subjects of the book were mostly writers (of various kinds) and politicians. They had in common that Watkins knew them, felt affection for them, and considered them to have had an influence on his life. They were almost all well-known, over 40, and connected with great public institutions in a limited area of central London. Watkins acknowledged that this might be limiting, but, as he put it in his introduction, 'there it is and there we are'.

In addition to their place close to the centre of things, many of Watkins' subjects appeared to share the conviction that they were above (or below) the generally-accepted rules of human intercourse. Watkins described the characters of Simon Raven's novels as being 'rather nasty', and this comment could be applied, too, to many of the subjects of his book. Anthony Crosland, for example, appears to have taken great delight in being gratuitously offensive to young women, and Richard Crossman to almost everybody. Throughout his life, we were told, Malcolm Muggeridge 'had the disposition to attack any individual who had helped him'. Many of Watkins' subjects, too, appeared to have been at the very least uncontrollably idiosyncratic, if not positively unbalanced. The journalist Paul Johnson was described as having 'his eccentric side', which appears to have been a massive understatement. (The example given is Johnson's rudeness to his wife when she served vegetables at dinner which, by reason of their foreign origin, failed to take his fancy.) Senior newspapermen appear to have been particularly barmy. John Junor, for instance, convinced himself that a junior reporter was sending his washing home to Aberdeen (against the evidence of the reporter's own assurances and, indeed, the project's practicability), and Lord Beaverbrook kept a large supply of Campbell's tomato soup tins in his office, while oppressing his staff by insisting they send letters only in used envelopes. The philosopher G. E. Moore was apparently inclined to spend his afternoons hitting flowers with a stick, watched by his wife through opera glasses from the house.

All of Watkins' subjects were male, most belonged to well-known London clubs (or ostentatiously refused to do so) and a surprising number were gay. Watkins developed a clever technique of placing apparently disconnected facts next door to one another, to imply a judgement which he did not care to state (Michael Foot 'was romantic not only in his literary tastes but about the working-class, and wore the badge of the National Union of Mineworkers in his lapel. His favourite holiday resort was Venice'). This device enabled him to drop hints about his subjects' sexual behaviour, as well as about Watkins' own view of things (Sir Ian Gilmour and his wife 'were friends of Roy Jenkins. On the whole, Gilmour was a force for good').

Dr. me, if after a glass and a half of porter, my little groupe of Grub Street scribes knaves, coxcombs bibbers, esteemers, and bully boys dont seem the prettiest buncire of sweete gentlemen in Christendom
FITZWILSON

In general, the book was less informative on the politics of its subjects, which was strange, as almost all had strong ideological views, and Watkins was of course a political commentator. The fact that David Steel was impressed by William Douglas-Home's performance in a Scottish by-election seemed insufficient as a total explanation of Steel's political allegiance; in the same way, it was hard to believe that Richard Crossman really convinced himself of the non-existence of God by selecting a verse of the Bible at random, attempting to analyse it, and finding it meaningless. It was easier, certainly for

Brief Lives by ALAN WATKINS *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this reader, to be convinced that Denis Healey became a Communist because he was beaten up by bullies at school, but it would have been even more interesting to hear Watkins' analysis of Healey's move from the far Left to the position he espoused in later years.

The most common explanation for a subject taking up one position or another (or moving from one *to* another) was either the influence, benign or otherwise, of individual father-figures (Crosland 'encouraged by Hugh Dalton', Crossman hating his father, Foot hero-worshipping his, and Nye Bevan) or, again, personal eccentricity. His choice of subjects, particularly on the political Right, made this latter thesis easy to advance. Of the five biographies chosen for serialisation in the *Observer* prior to the book's publication, at least four (those of Peregrine Worsthorne, Kingsley Amis, Richard Ingrams and Auberon Waugh) dealt with people whose public views contained at least an element, in Watkins' words, 'of only doing it to annoy'. (The fifth case, that of Paul Johnson, was less clear: Watkins had himself written in 1978 that Johnson 'does not advance views; he strikes attitudes').

By choosing to write about those 'pillars of the Right' (the *Observer*'s generic title) whose public posture had more than an element of the tongue-in-cheek, Watkins was able to avoid serious discussion of their opinions, which were, variously, chauvinistic, homophobic, elitist, snobbish and philistine. He also appeared to place undue value on the personal niceness (in some of these cases) of people whose profession consisted of attempting to influence the views and behaviour of people who did not necessarily know how charming they were. In the spring of the year of the book's publication, for instance, Peregrine Worsthorne used the excuse of the Falklands conflict to indulge in some extremely unpleasant and inflammatory rhetoric on the race question, which can only have served to give credibility to the opinions and actions of people much less urbane, sophisticated and affable than he. (The early 1980s saw a considerable rise in racist violence by whites against blacks, reaching epidemic proportions in some inner-city areas, a fact belatedly and reluctantly acknowledged in a Home Office report which received scant attention at the time.) Indeed, a dislike and distrust of foreigners, coupled with saloon-bar generalisations about their national characteristics, appears to have afflicted many of Watkins' subjects, at both ends of the political spectrum.

This tendency to forgive, or ignore, unwholesome prejudices with which he himself clearly disagreed had its positive side, however. Watkins described himself in his introduction as owing continued allegiance to the cause of Labour (albeit 'with fluctuating degrees of discomfort'). The denigration of the values of personal loyalty and individual friendship has always been one of the Left's abiding failings. Watkins' book, however, positively shone with such values, and was sometimes very moving as a result. He was clearly capable of deep and generous affection for his friends. Whether they all fully deserved it was and is another question. □

BIOGRAPHY: John Lucas

High and dry

The Life of John Berryman by JOHN HAFFENDEN *Routledge* £15
Poets in their Youth by EILEEN SIMPSON *Faber* £10.50

Late one night during 1941 John Berryman was walking across Union Square in New York when he came on a group of men arguing the rights and wrongs of America's entrance into the war. Berryman began to explain his own viewpoint and was promptly told to shut up because 'You look like a Jew, you talk like a Jew, you are a Jew'. Four years later, having tried and failed to write a poem about the incident, Berryman produced a short story called 'The Imaginary Jew'. What another man might have shrugged off became for Berryman emblematic of the deepest of his many crises. Just who was he?

An imaginary Berryman, for one thing. His true father, who committed suicide when the boy was eleven, had been called Smith. Berryman was the name of the man his widow had married with indecent haste. The boy took his stepfather's name and spent the rest of his life fearing that he had betrayed his father. Years later, when he gave a series of prestigious lectures on Shakespeare, his mother reserved a front seat for his lecture on *Hamlet*, arrived late and stole the show. Berryman spent much of the lecture concentrating on Hamlet's relationship with his mother, and one can see why. His own mother had a powerful and deeply-resented influence over him, and they spent much time together in hysterical rages, recriminations, avowals of hatred, misunderstanding and love.

Berryman had become passionately committed to Shakespeare studies while he was Mark Van Doren's student at Columbia and for years he was an imaginary Shakespeare scholar, labouring at an edition of *King Lear* which was unfinished at his death, and projecting a biographical-critical study which was likewise never completed. He did, however, eventually finish his study of Stephen Crane, in which he tries to account for the nature of Crane's life and writing. Crane, he says, fantasised about his father's death. He had 'a suicide-fantasy . . . Death ends the terrible excitement under which he is bound to life, death resolves panic, death is a "way out", a rescue'.

Berryman himself committed suicide in January, 1972, having come close to doing so on many previous occasions. It is therefore inevitable that anyone writing about him will have to spend some time on this aspect of his life, although I am bound to say that Simpson does it with more tact and understanding than Haffenden. His account is stuffed with fact yet misses out the significant episodes, or misses their significance. Hers, gentle and forbearing though it is, tells us a great deal more about Berryman. Perhaps this is inevitable. She was his first wife. But where she succeeds over Haffenden is in grasping the all-important fact that although Berryman was unsure of himself in many ways he never thought of himself as an imaginary poet. Haffenden says that the composition of *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* caused Berryman 'untold' anguish, and he means it, since he tells us virtually nothing about what went into its writing. By giving us a detailed account of the months during which Berryman was most intensely at work on the poem Simpson helps us to understand how determined he was to succeed as a poet. And she is surely right to say at the end of her book that 'it was the poetry that kept him alive'.

Yet here a problem presents itself. What kind of a poet was Berryman? In Haffenden's words, 'His public role became one which many of his contemporaries took to be eccentric, a combination of the braggart, the womaniser, the unpredictable drinker, and the formidable – often savagely assertive or dismissive – intellectual.' One way of looking at this is to say that Berryman was everybody's idea of the Bohemian genius – a walking, or falling, anthology of clichés about the suffering artist. And this seems disconcertingly near the truth of the matter. On the other hand it is also clear that Berryman took very little satisfaction from his affairs and that he expected none. 'For Berryman, Anita represented youth and vitality; he treated her as a life-force which he felt lapsing in himself. She sensed he was desperate at heart, and found him not only hungry for sex but deeply anxious about it.' You could say that when Haffenden writes like this, and he frequently does, he has been reading too many bad books about the lives of artists, but you could equally say it of Berryman and Anita. It is as though they are all in the grip of cliché.

'Show me your wounds', Hemingway is supposed to have snarled at a young man who had told him he was a writer. In a very important sense, Berryman *is* his wounds. They were certainly not imaginary and, to repeat, he was certainly not a poseur. Both Haffenden and Simpson stress his obsession with poetry and the more one considers what they have to say about his life the more 'obsession' seems the only word to use. The trouble is that Berryman seems to have been interested in very little else. As a result, the poems after *Mistress Bradstreet* are increasingly spun out of his own entrails. There was nothing else he could write about. 'What are all those fish that lie gasping on the strand?' Yeats's lordly contempt could, with great appropriateness, be directed at the *Dream Songs* and indeed all the later volumes. It may seem a particularly cruel irony, for Yeats was Berryman's first hero. Yet is it instructive to consider Berryman's disappointment when they met. 'It was Yeats the public man, the Senator, he'd seen', Simpson says, 'the mask clamped on so tightly there was no getting behind it.' Berryman did not want to accept that poets might live for at least part of the time in a world of quotidian reality. That was to be an imaginary poet. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEIMAR: Paul Binding

A suicidal generation

Weimar Etudes by HENRY PACHTER *Columbia* about £12
Walter Benjamin: The Story of a Friendship by GERSHOM SCHOLEM *Faber* £10

In 1916, as a young man of 24, Walter Benjamin, later to become one of the most distinguished literary critics of Weimar Germany

> 'accepted myth alone as "the world". He said he was still not sure what the purpose of philosophy was, as there was no need to discover "the meaning of the world": it was already present in myth. Myth was everything; all else . . . was only an obscuration, a glimmer that had arisen within it.'

Certainly in our own times the Weimar Republic itself has acquired a mythic status; undermined from without and within, it has come to symbolise the liberal-humanist predicament – the reposing of too much trust in the rational, a belief in progress and freedom combined with a horror at the subversive or anarchic, an acceptance of pluralism without adequate confrontation of what this in fact entails. Its popular images present us with an Apollonian, sun-honouring society liberating itself *en plein air* from traditional taboos, images the more powerful because of the dark Dionysian period that followed it. Whatever we learn about Weimar and the limitations of its achivements, its contradictions and fragility can never seriously weaken this mythic quality, principally because we have received it for the most part through art – through the characteristic, adventurous works of the Bauhaus, Piscator, Fritz Lang, Brecht, Zuckmayer etc.

Henry Pachter in his posthumously published essays both acknowledges and rejoices in Weimar as myth; he points out that many of what are thought to be its most significant activities began, in fact, in pre-war Wilhelmine Germany (though his list contains mistakes – all Hindemith's most interesting work was done after the establishment of the Republic) and that a distinguishing unity among its artists and thinkers was really only discernible later, after the Diaspora. The eminent historian Peter Gay has, in his *Weimar Culture*, already stated that what we think of as 'Weimar' was carried over into other cultures after the Republic's ignominious fall, particularly to America. With this statement, Henry Pachter, who honours Gay, would agree – he himself was Professor of History and Political Science at New York's New School for Social Research, which can itself be seen as an expression of Weimar thinking. So Weimar means more than Germany between 1919 and 1933.

All the same, its existence in time and geography must be paid attention to if we are to understand its so far-reaching success and failure. Henry Pachter is particularly good in his account of the uneasy birth of Weimar and of what preceded it – the November 1918 revolution, the personalities of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the rise and fall of the Bavarian Soviet. But his book suffers from being a collection of essays written at different times – interesting though each one is individually, taken together they darken rather than illuminate since there are inevitably so many contradictions. Pachter celebrates Weimar as comparable to Periclean Athens (not forgetting the tragic implications of the analogy), yet he can also state ruefully:

> 'We were not great innovators, we were innovators on a small scale. We did not generate the great idea that might have led us out of the impasse in our social, economic, and political plight. Far from "freely floating", the intellectuals were being floated and coaxed and pushed. We were a generation of first-class mediocrities; never had there been so many brilliant failures, so many excellent second-raters.'

WITH the America in which he was writing in mind, he points out that the intellectual is often never in a greater state of discontent than when he is given freedom, money and encouragement; Weimar writers suffered from too little alienation, not too much! Yet this is not consistent with other ideas expressed: a serious artist can put part of himself responsibly at the service of a democratic, benevolent state, but he cannot put *all* of himself – the condition of other societies than his own, the very predicament of being alive must always compel him to strive for wholeness of vision; and wholeness never makes for societal comfort.

Thus Henry Pachter in his rebukes to the intellectuals of Weimar repeats a characteristic Weimar error – that the psyche can be domesticised. The very confusion present from the first in the Republic would make it impossible for any writer or thinker to take the sort of melioristic, empirically exhortatory attitude Pachter and others seem, at times, to desire. It is scarcely necessary to point out here that this question – mythically embodied in the German artists of the Twenties – anguishes us still; it is the burden of one of this year's best novels, Saul Bellow's *The Dean's December*.

All the same there is, I think, a case to be put against the intellectuals of Weimar, one which can be reinforced through a reading of Gershom Scholem's biography of Walter Benjamin, whose literary criticism has acquired increasing fame in recent years. Zealous and ardent in their pursuit of ideas and in their attempts to express them in artefacts, they lost interest in, and sight of, the personal, the intimate, the humdrum. All is dissolved into Platonic essences. Scholem's book is subtitled 'The Story of a Friendship', but the reader will find little to move him on a human level – even though Benjamin's was an emotionally fraught life which terminated in a suicide he had for many years contemplated. The letters Scholem and Benjamin exchanged (quoted at great length) are like wearying fusions of college reading lists and lecture notes. And to say this is not to be frivolous. There is surely something wrong when two clever, sensitive men can broach the personal only with a curious stiff formality, can be surrounded by immense suffering and uncertainty beyond their small and brilliant circle and yet have absolutely nothing to say about it.

Pachter's autobiographical essay with which the *Weimar Etudes* so interestingly begin is, to my mind, similarly deficient. Benjamin – we are told, with scant apology – had only the slightest interest in public affairs; Pachter was keenly interested in them, and as a young man was an active Young Communist. Yet – on the showing of his writing – it was the Communist *idea* that preoccupied him. No anecdote brings home to his readers the miseries of the returning soldiers, of those burdened by the grotesque inflation, of those, later on, caught in economic difficulties; no anecdote indeed shows that ordinary human life was really very interesting to him. As for Benjamin, he would appear scarcely to have noticed any of all this.

IT IS this that makes *Walter Benjamin* for me a somewhat repellent book. Scholem himself must to a certain extent be responsible for this, of course. Bound up in Kabbalistic studies, away in Jerusalem for much of the period covered, he seems far more concerned with what Benjamin thought of this book or that, than with the psychological anarchies of his life and society. His friend's restless attitude towards women, the significance of his move towards Marxism (one, apparently, confined entirely within the parameters of his own head), above all his suicidal tendencies, all escape any proper attempt at understanding. Pachter himself said that his (and Benjamin's) was a suicidal generation. Why, we ask legitimately, *why?*

We come nowhere in either book to the point even of beginning to comprehend this. If there was a suicidal quality in the German intelligentsia, it must – we feel – be related to its emotional narcissism, its inability through covert arrogance to take an interest in the world beyond itself.

Heaven knows this vice of preferring the idea to the flesh is not confined to German intellectuals of the Twenties, and heaven knows too that there were many Germans – artists and otherwise – totally guiltless in this respect. (Think of the brothers Mann!) But, on the showing of these two books, in the myth that was Weimar a self-regarding and cerebral coterie must be included which, ironically, brings about the death of the art in which it so intently believes – literally, with the Nazi book-burnings, and in a more general sense, since art which is not born of human involvement can have no abiding life. □

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT
Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements, Afro-Asian-Soviet affairs, war, revolution and peace.
We also buy books, pamphlets and periodicals
Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)
Barnes High Street, London, SW13
TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS
Since 1948 a world-wide book service

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEMINISM: Harriett Gilbert

After Aphra

Women of Ideas by DALE SPENDER
Routledge £11.95

For those unimpressed, as I was, by the idea of yet another volume on 150 Extraordinary Women, I must say at once that the emphasis is less on 'women' than 'ideas'. Dale Spender's latest book is no mere string of biographies; it is a holistic history of feminist political theory from the middle of the 17th century to today. Spender herself would be the first to admit that the story is incomplete. With so little access to education, money, power, or the printing presses, women have had less chance than men to bequeath their ideas to posterity. In addition (and this is one of the major themes of her book) Spender contends that those thoughts and perceptions that have managed to make it to the printed page have systematically been suppressed by the men whose interests, comfort and security they threatened.

From the radical-feminist satires of Aphra Behn to the pro-suffrage speeches of Christabel Pankhurst, Spender demonstrates how critical distortion and ridicule have done their best to discourage women from learning what other women thought. The easiest way to discredit a woman is to concentrate on her character, to establish that she is 'abnormal'. Proving a woman abnormal takes no time at all. At the flick of an intention, she becomes a prude, frigid, a man-hating lesbian; or, conversely, frivolous, promiscuous, a whore. Every woman is familiar with the sexual double-bind. Spender explains its usefulness to those with an interest in undermining feminist theory and analysis:

> . . . if a woman can be classified as 'promiscuous' then her ideas can be classified as unreliable and not worthy of serious consideration, and if she can be classified as embittered and twisted (almost an automatic assumption in the case of women who protest about male power, particularly if they live independently of men), then the same rule applies . . . [The tactics] work by initially discrediting a woman and helping to remove her from the mainstream discussion about her, and they work by keeping future generations of women away from her.

Should a feminist writer be so exemplary a wife-and-mother that such an approach is inappropriate, there are always unsubstantiated claims of unoriginality, stupidity, sloppiness or lack of humour to be made. Spender has collected an arsenal of such dismissals: tactics ensuring that feminist theory has only to struggle its way into print to be relegated, as swiftly as possible, to the cellars of libraries and the outermost reaches of our educational syllabi. There is always, of course, the possibility that *those* are where it belongs; that we are misguided in our present attempt to disinter and to shake the earth from our foremothers' theories and analyses.

If *Women of Ideas* does nothing else, it should destroy such suspicions for ever. So far as the women's style is concerned, there is not, in a study of so many years of profound and wide-ranging polemic, a great deal of room for quotation. There is, however, enough to establish that even the earliest-known theorists – Mary Astell (1668-1731), who rejected both God and biology as reasons for women's oppression; or Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-1797), who understood that women's experience cannot be defined by men – are often witty, exciting, intelligent writers. Spender's thesis is that style was never, in fact, the point at issue; that criticism of Wollstonecraft for being 'unsystematic', for example, was a more-or-less conscious diversionary tactic from the *content* of what she was saying.

From as far back as Spender has been able to reach, women have been protesting against their subservience to men; their exclusion from education and 'public life'; the Catch-22 requirements for their sexual behaviour; enforced motherhood; financial dependence; violence both physical and mental. Political lesbians, separatists, equal-rights activists and socialist feminists have understood and explained with clarity the economic, psycho-sexual and political structures of patriarchy. By exposing this continuum, Spender performs an invaluable service. Most immediately, she gives to the post-'60s feminist a strengthened confidence that neither her sense of oppression, nor her analysis of its causes, are the frivolous, merely-fashionable things that men would have her believe. Secondly, she makes it possible to close the generation gap, to create of 'mother-and-daughterhood' as pertinent and vital a concept as 'sisterhood'. Thirdly, she sheds fresh light on such current issues as the value (if any) of demanding and obtaining access to male institutions; or the usefulness of men as allies in a struggle opposed to their interests.

At this point, however, I must object to Spender's (to my mind unhelpful) suggestion that women should never criticise each other in print. Constantly endangering the service that *Women of Ideas* performs is Spender's confusion of continuity with stasis. When she says that present-day feminists 'have no grounds for believing that our gains are any more permanent' and relegates the notion of 'progress' to some junk-cupboard of male conceptions, she makes not only a mockery of the struggle of the women who preceded us, but a nonsense of her otherwise sound suggestions that women must take control of their own research, education and knowledge. If 'men can always use their inventive logic to find new . . . means of discrediting our protest' then we might as well just creep back into the kitchen, and flop our head in the oven. Women's protest may be constant. Men's opposition may be constant. But 300 years after Aphra Behn there are many more women who can read; many more women who can write; many more women with independent incomes; and a few more women in publishing, in bookselling, in education. The balance of power is shifting and, whether she believes it or not, the information that Spender has unearthed will help to shift it even further. □

Unpaid work in the household:
A review of economic evaluation methods
by Luisella Goldschmidt-Clermont
Women, Work and Development Series, No. 1.

The economic evaluation of unpaid work carried out within the household for the benefit of its members has been a longstanding problem for those concerned with the assessment of national real income. This book examines the various economic approaches used to evaluate unpaid work in the household and analyses the *strengths and weaknesses of each method*, particularly in relation to social values and labour market conditions.
ISBN 92-2-103085-7 £5.00

From peasant girls to Bangkok masseuses
by Pasuk Phongpaichit
Women, Work and Development Series, No. 2

Peasant girls in poor regions of the North and Northeast of Thailand are drawn and pushed to Bangkok, entering the prostitution trade to gain a livelihood as 'masseuses'. The remittances they send to their families are crucial for meeting their basic housing, water and education needs. The world of these girls is portrayed and their relationship with the pattern of rural and national development is traced.
ISBN 92-2-103013-X £4.30

Rural women:
Unequal partners in development
Martha Fetherold Loutfi

Women in developing countries are commonly less well off than men in respect of education, training, employment, income and status, particularly country women, most of whom have little choice other than a life of drudgery made up of household and agricultural tasks. However, they do not form an entirely homogeneous category. This study distinguishes between women's possible roles as child-bearers, workers (for family maintenance and market economy) and managers (their own affairs, their households and in outside occupations). It gives suggestions for national policy and indicates the ILO research being carried out in this area.
ISBN 92-2-102389-3 £3.55

Cottage industries and handicrafts:
Some guidelines for employment promotion
by M. Allal and E. Chuta

This study highlights the importance of very small enterprises and the constraints faced when tackling their circumstances and their unusual needs. It goes on to provide procedures for formulating, implementing, monitoring and evaluating appropriate programmes for promoting these enterprises.
ISBN 92-2-103029-6 £5.70

Child work, poverty and underdevelopment:
Issues for research in low-income countries
Edited by G. Rodgers and G. Standing

Traditionally, child work is looked upon as an evil to be eliminated; yet in many societies child work is part of the process of socialisation and often also provides an important supplement to the incomes of poor families. This book looks into the causes, functions and consequences of child work.
ISBN 92-2-102812-7 (hard) £10.00
ISBN 92-2-102813-5 (limp) £7.15

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE
London Branch
96/98 Marsham Street
LONDON SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

The Cry for the Dead by JUDITH WRIGHT *Oxford* £16

The early colonists declared Australia to be *terra nullius* – nobody's property – on the grounds that the natives were nomads, and had therefore no title to the land. By the same token, two centuries later, the British authorities who carried out the nuclear tests in the Australian desert saw it as an empty space and failed to warn the aboriginal inhabitants.

The distinguished poet Judith Wright has already written a family chronicle based on the diaries and correspondence of her own 19th- and 20th-century forebears. Now she sets the 'civilized desires' of the white farmers in a wider historical context, documenting a past that has an important bearing on the present.

Ancestral sites – fixed meeting places for seasonal ceremonies, trade, initiation and marriage rites, and negotiated settlement of disputes – formed the basis of collective organisation for several tribes who had lived for thousands of years in the territory that became Queensland. In the time of the Wadja, the plain supported more people than it was ever to do again.

By expulsion and exile, their social bonds were broken. Countless trees, the totemic kin of the community, were cut down for fencing. Sacred water-courses were tramped and polluted by invading herds of sheep and cattle. Heavy grazing destroyed the flora of a soft soil which had never before sustained hooved animals: an ecological disaster that paved the way for erosion and plagues of introduced species, thistles and prickly pear.

Wooden spears and a passionate attachment to the land were no defence against armed stockbreeders, aiming to make a quick fortune with God on their side. By the 1870s the indigenous population was so reduced by disease, malnutrition, the forays of the Native Police and human 'snipe-shooting parties', that inland employers were obliged to recruit, or indeed to kidnap, Polynesian labour.

Legislation passed at the turn of the century decreed that any aborigine could be deported to a closed reserve, at the discretion of local officials. No Government records were kept of the ethnic or geographical origin of these captives. Cultural anthropologists who began to make linguistic enquiries in the Sixties found that they had come too late.

According to a speaker in a Parliamentary debate of 1901, 'the law of evolution says the nigger shall disappear in the onward progress of white Australia'. Surviving aborigines are still subject to policies which are consistent with this belief.

Marion Glastonbury

PAUL THEROUX
will be at
MOWBRAYS BOOKSHOP
28 Margaret Street (Oxford Circus)
London, W1
on Thursday, 7th October
from 1-2 p.m.
to sign copies of
The MOSQUITO COAST
His best-selling novel now in Penguin £1.95
and
The LONDON EMBASSY
His new collection of stories
Hamish Hamilton, £7.95
If you are unable to come
Telephone: 01-580 2812
to reserve signed copies

Antarctic: Wilderness at Risk by BARNEY BREWSTER/FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, NEW ZEALAND *Orbis* £5.95

Shackleton, perhaps the greatest Antarctic explorer, described Antarctica as a virgin continent, pregnant with possibility. Brewster's book is designed as a guide to the white continent, written with a particular eye on the problems which are starting to arise because of attempts to make tangible some of that possibility. Well written and comprehensive, it is a particularly useful contribution to a field which once seemed an arcane branch of science and politics, but which has gained in relevance from recent discussions about a legal framework for extracting minerals and oil from the Antarctic, from the Falklands brouhaha, and from the medium-term knowledge that the Antarctic Treaty, which now restrains commercial, industrial and military activity in the Antarctic is up for renewal in 1991.

The Arctic is a real place, with a permanent population of some two million, but the Antarctic has no native populations, a winter population of just a few hundred, and a summer population of under 10,000. It is also vastly more remote from airports, harbours and other facilities. Like outer space or the seabed, it can be handled only with care, and in the modern world that means with high technology. So the same developed world powers which are carving up the minerals of the deep ocean and the communications, remote sensing and military possibilities of space are also queuing to alter the Antarctic Treaty to allow them to exploit the Antarctic as they wish. Brewster's book explains why they shouldn't be allowed to.

In particular, Brewster talks about the potentially long-lasting and destructive effects of oil spills in the clean Antarctic waters, about our sheer ignorance concerning sustainable yields from sea life in the Southern ocean, and about the problems which might flow from attempts to mine solid minerals on the Antarctic continent. Added to the general mess caused by any mining operation is the fear that dust, settling on the ice, will darken it and cause it to melt faster. The final result could extend far from the Antarctic, raising sea level and drowning cities worldwide. So conserving minerals, energy and the Antarctic sounds like a better bet.

Martin Ince

The Health of Nations by MIKE MULLER *Faber* £7.95

The media periodically fizz with revelations about the pharmaceutical companies and their Third World dirty tricks and dishonest dealings. What Mike Muller's excellent book does is to gather stacks of new research along with the old information, to re-stoke our outrage at the multinationals' daily practice. Seemingly oblivious to their record of litigiousness, Muller instances corruption and bribery, blackmail and pay-offs, and common-or-garden greed.

The worst example concerns diarrhoea. Lomotil is marketed by Searle as a way of stopping diarrhoea: it certainly stops the runs, but does nothing to stop dehydration, and it's this that kills off Third World children with diarrhoea in droves. Yet the drug is promoted by salesmen as an aid to rehydration. Entero-vioform, promoted as a way of stopping travellers' diarrhoea, crippled, blinded and deformed those who believed the propaganda; Ciba-Geigy had to apologise to and compensate them. The low-tech irony of this is that to ensure that diarrhoea victims don't die of dehydration, you only have to give them a home-made nostrum – sugar and salt in water in the correct proportions. And a simple oral rehydration mix can be marketed (but not patented – ah, there's the rub) cheaply and easily.

Muller details the novel strategies which the companies are adopting in the name of corporate interest: drug resistance is promoted, since it generates markets for new drugs. And the multi-nationals have reacted smartly to attempts by WHO and Third World countries to restrict imports to essential drugs, to set up central buying organisations, and to instigate domestic drug production.

When the Sri Lankan government considered nationalising Pfizer to force it to limit the local production of drugs,

> the American ambassador called on the Prime Minister and indicated that the supply of food aid from his country could be put in serious jeopardy by such an action. This was a serious threat to a country suffering from acute food shortages. The government backed down, even though to do so meant spending more foreign exchange on drugs and thus increasing its dependence on 'food aid'.

Muller is a water engineer who has worked for the Mozambique government and writes often from personal experience, lending his writing a vividness and passion absent from most investigations. His chapter of detailed analysis of the structure and economics of the pharmaceutical industry are clearly for specialist readers, but the rest of this important and exhaustively researched book provides invaluable counter-information for the general reader. In 1977 Searle issued a circular to sales staff called 'Like Muller: A Case of Moral Incontinence'. It's hope it's catching.

Anna Karpf

The Sporting World of R. S. Surtees by JOHN WELCOME *Oxford* £9.95

Even in the Thirties George Orwell was saying that R. S. Surtees was probably being read less by the horsey than by the bookish, and over 40 years on there are doubtless fewer bookish people around, or anyway bookish horsey people, and those there are would probably sooner be reading Dick Francis than *Jorrocks*. Which is fine, but does mean that a study of the life and writings of Surtees has a hard task on its hands: trying to create a readership of practically nothing, at a time when only one of Surtees' novels, *Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour*, is easily available in print.

John Welcome does as well by his subject as it will let him. He produces a convincing portrait of Surtees the prickly, rigid, embittered and solitary man, and he doesn't over-praise his works, which are long in grotesqueries and tedious lessness and short in generosity and penetration. There should be more literary biographies like this: reliable, self-effacing and, above all, clear. Yet I wonder whether even all that will be enough to rehabilitate Surtees.

For a start, nothing is going to make us read this sort of thing uproarious again: '. . . Yes, hossifer in the ninety-fust regiment, wot looks like an 'air-dresser, 'old 'ard!' A world of horse whippings, rascally aitch-dropping menials, and the tumbling slapstick of the chase is one that we nowadays have to force ourselves to find funny. There again, Surtees may have been a sharp eyed reporter on varieties of food, clothing and seedy hotel interiors, but, as Mr Welcome readily admits, he hardly had the social repertoire or insight of the great Victorian novelists. Nor, oddly perhaps, did he catch much of the poetry of the countryside. There is more feeling for trees and animals in Leech's illustrations than there is in Surtees' prose. With the hunting chapters in *Anna Karenina*, of course, there's no comparison.

Comparing anyone with Tolstoy is mean, but time is harsh with a minor writter like Surtees: he's much too good to be made over to nostalgic rustic kitsch, but too limited by the world in and of which he wrote for much of the humour and point of his work to have survived. Still, for anyone who wants to try him, Mr Welcome's book is certainly recommended.

Richard Deveson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION: Bill Greenwell

Real life

Silence Among the Weapons by JOHN ARDEN *Methuen* £7.95
Tempting Fate by MICHAEL LEVEY *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
The Facilitators by PETER REDGROVE *Routledge* £6.95
Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant by ANNE TYLER *Chatto* £7.50
On the Black Hill by BRUCE CHATWIN *Cape* £7.50
Her Victory by ALAN SILLITOE *Granada* £8.50

It is tempting to imagine John Arden riffling through a pocket Shakespeare, his eye alighting on the line, 'When Roscius was an actor in Rome', and an idle inkling turning into an impulse. *Buz, buz?* Not a bit of it. **Silence Among the Weapons,** set in the early first century BC, and numbering Roscius amongst its remarkable cast of characters, is a richly rewarding novel – *first* novel, we must kick ouselves – full of fire, colour, and that kind of violent comedy for which Arden's drama is remarkable. His protagonist, Ivory, a crippled Greek and actors' agent, is caught up in the vicious putsch and counter-putsch of rival consuls Marius and Sulla – plying his honest trade amidst a bloody, brutal Roman farce. One of his lovers is an agent of, and mistress to, Mithridates, the rebel king of Pontus. The latter's challenge to the corrupt Roman republic enabled Marius (The Muledriver) and Sulla (The Stain) to swap tyrannies, trading them repeatedly for the lives of ordinary people.

Silence Among the Weapons stands or falls – and for me, it stands – by its powerful vernacular. Arden chooses to raid the jargon and slang of modern times, to reconstruct the Roman world in familiar terms:

> He said to me, 'If ever you *do* get out, have a full account ready of everyone you see, our people or terrorists . . . That notched coin of yours isn't just for the ponces in GHQ to polish their statistics on, you know.'

The wide sweep of the story – with a Hebrew pirate, an Ethiopian slave-girl, and all the *Italian* tribes conveniently hijacked by the quicker history lessons – brings us into close contact with an active past. It sent me humming and spinning to the historians, and Plutarch in particular. Here Plutarch describes Marius:

> He wore a mean garment, and let his hair grow . . . Upwards of seventy years old, he walked with a pace affectedly slow . . . Yet his native fierceness, and something more, might be distinguished amidst all this look of misery.

And here is Arden (the historical moment is the same):

> He wore torn and stained sailor's work-clothes, carelessly covered with a patched boat-cloak of black tarpaulin that dragged upon the ground behind him. His white beard was down to his chest and his sparse tangled hair spread out over his stooped shoulders. His feet were bare and dirty, his features a dull mottled yellow with red boils breaking out of them . . .

This novel is the brilliant feat of a furious imagination; I hope it hoicks all the prizes in sight.

Michael Levey is another surprising first-timer (Director of the National Gallery, he is better known as an art historian). **Tempting Fate,** the spry tale of Nicholas, a worldly and witty-cynical sixteen-year-old, is also an extremely engaging whodunnit, 'very far,' as Nicholas admits, 'from the relaxed world of Maigret'. It deliberately, but unsuccessfully, shifts the ground beneath the reader's feet when the murder enquiries are under way, largely because a genial Sergeant Parrott is so improbably seduced by his young charge. The cap of the plot does not fit the cool head of its hero; but the novel has a nicely nasty charm. It also has a sense of humour, a quality not conspicuous in Peter Redgrove's **The Facilitators.** This too tries to mix a thriller with something far more foggy – a trip into psychic illusions. The title refers to a band of – well, what? Spiritualists? Brainwashers? – Beekeeping

William Scammell

The making of *Modern Love*

1. Meeting

Her eyelids, they were good addresses. Let
her waist ache in a ring. She has a vein
of wit, a mind to govern that large brain.
Young, widowed, beautiful and passionate!
Peacock in name and nature! Rides to horse,
loves music, dancing, theatre, oil paint, verse,
new clothes . . . She severs London with her looks,
her smile; her soul crowds daily to her lips.
Done! George needs love. It says so in the books
queueing up his right arm. The organ skips
into a march, thundering down the scale
as, laughing, Mary puts up her bright veil.

2. Parting

No house, no money . . . Trapped in growing debts,
watching the world's return upon its Juliets . . .
They moonlit. Bailiffs haunted every pad.
They tried to live with Mary's famous Dad
and learnt what iron laws of custom tense
between the poles of love and commonsense!
And then, and then . . . the Other Man, who lies
far off, at anchor in those lovely eyes.
All turns to absence, bitter woman-loss.
They sheer off out by millionths, like the tide,
dumping the egoist on his own cross
to stiffen in the arms of wounded pride.

3. Writing

In verse, George won. 'Lethe had passed those lips'
he says: death grounds the thunderbolt of sex.
In flagrant life, poor Mary hurried home
contritely, desperate to see their son
whom George clutched to himself, forbidding sight
or sound of her, the fallen Raphaelite.
Broke, broken, sopped in fear, she lingered on,
the obverse of *The Death of Chatterton*:
who'd had the decency to break his heart
quick, once and for all, in the name of art.
Balanced in the scales of love and fame
she left the world at last. George wrote to friends
that 'one had quitted it who bore my name'.
The chilling finger moved to make amends.

(George Meredith married Mary Ellen Nicolls, the widowed daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, in 1849. In 1858 she went off to Capri with Henry Wallis, the pre-Raphaelite painter; Meredith is said to have been the model for his best-known painting, The Death of Chatterton. *Mary died in 1861.* Modern Love *was published in 1862.* W.S.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people who run an oddball Institute. Its owner is very rich, and possibly very dead. What I took to be a patient-in-disguise enters the Institute to court and marry its mysterious madam for her money. Aware, after much scalp-scratching, that I was lost in a thickening plot, I broke my golden rule, and turned to the blurb. Ah, *three* fake patients. All after the loot. This intelligence assisted me little, since the trio of twisters speak in exactly the same voice. The message was in the medium; I missed it.

Anne Tyler's **Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant** is a witty, compassionate novel about a family unable to play or stay together, no matter how hard they try. The restaurant is the scene of several abortive reunions as two feuding sons and a mildly batty mother fail to meet each others' aspirations. Bruce Chatwin's **On the Black Hill** is the strange and memorably absurd tale of twins who, even in old age, live in the thrall of their doting mother's memory. Tyler's novel is set in urban America, Chatwin's in rural Wales. Yet they have much in common besides dazzling talent. In Tyler's novel, one son considers:

> How plotless real life was! In novels, events led up to something. In his mother's diaries, they flitted past with no apparent direction.

This observation is central to the total success of each writer. Plot is secondary; narrative suspense is jettisoned for fidelity, and we are offered chronicles – persuasive, and wildly beguiling – instead. Real time navigates the reader, rather than the relationship of the novels' events. The advent and passage of wars, changes in behaviour, social and moral, give us our reference points. (One of the Welsh twins keeps a comically morbid scrapbook of air disasters, from the bump of a Blériot to the crump of a Jumbo). And both novels concern the breaking and bonding of family ties, the shackles, squabbles and sometimes bloody-minded business of having mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, children, cousins . . . Both these beautifully written books are as plotless as real life, to use Tyler's phrase, and as tenderly eccentric.

Alan Sillitoe's **Her Victory** brings together two isolated, loveless people – a seaman who literally inherits his freedom, a woman fleeing her bullying husband. After 200 pages, they meet. They reconstruct his past (he is an orphan of Jewish descent), and also their present. But the novel is too long at 600 pages – too patient with its principals. Arresting images there are aplenty, but it's an uphill slog, and the ending ('significant', 'unexpected' – the blurb) struck me as decidedly iffy. □

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID EDGAR'S plays include the recent adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* for the RSC.

JOHN LUCAS'S *Romantic to Modern Literature, 1750-1914,* will be published shortly by Harvester.

WILLIAM BOYD'S second novel, *An Ice Cream War,* has been short-listed for the Booker Prize.

FILMS: John Coleman

Paws

Cat People (X) *Plaza*
The Entity (X) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Another Way (X) *Gate, Notting Hill*

After an opening prowl through the Midlands, Paul Schrader's **Cat People** has at last leapt into London, to land with a fairly sickening thud. As author of a book on transcendental style in the cinema (Ozu, Dreyer, Bresson), scriptwriter of *Taxi Driver*, director of *Blue Collar*, *The Hardcore Life* and *American Gigolo*, Schrader is a prime subject for critical high-flying and there was every reason to expect his latest work would give paws for thought. As it is, the 1942 Val Lewton-Jacques Tourneau movie of the same name, with feline-featured Simone Simon marvellously cast as the ill-fated virgin who traces her descent from a Balkan tribe of leopard-women, still speaks low-budget volumes more about sex as a suspect, destructive, animal force than all the explicit new horrors of the Schrader-shredder. Alan Ormsby's screenplay substantially reworks the old DeWitt Bodeen story, setting it in a sketchily used New Orleans, hyping up the pathological-erotic potential to assumed current tastes, making it – often repellently – nude. An ochre-stained desert prologue, to a David Bowie theme song, drums in some past mating between a tree-bound maiden and a black leopard. As the girl's face stares from her feral ravisher's lair, it dissolves into the luscious solemnity of Nastassia Kinski's, framed by boyish-cut, black hair.

Bulging-eyed brother Paul (Malcolm McDowell) meets Kinski's Irena at the airport and is soon introducing her to his baleful housekeeper Female (Ruby Dee, who makes a mean gumbo), proudly displaying a sinister cupboard laden with masks and relics from their dead parents' circus days. Paul is later to spell out that mum and dad were actually brother and sister, incestuous sex their only safe outlet: they killed themselves. He's vigorously to propose to innocent Irena the same deal: 'I'm the only one who can touch you.' Otherwise, she will turn into a big black cat after intercourse. If the right balance of suggestive, eerie, even wistful mystery is maintained, as it was in Tourneur's quite subtle film, this fanciful predicament might be touching. Here, against the logical grain of the legend, a whore's legs are quickly seen tapping towards a hotel rendezvous with Paul but he is *already* lurking beneath the bed as predatory leopard, black tail comically swishing out and about. At which early point, the viewer may conclude that anything goes. And, in fact, anything does. Irena's bemused, flirtatious infatuation with Oliver (John Heard), curator of the local zoo, a fellow who admits to preferring animals to people, has tragic potential, within the conventions. (They meet while she is sketching her furry sibling, caught and caged after eating his tart. Paul magically escapes after taking a keeper's arm for lunch.) But all the stealthily loping camerawork in John Bailey's repertoire, which *does* import menace, can't compensate for the hammering vulgarity of a series of gruesome effects, some special (as when Irena evolves after love-making, with many a crack and a stretch, into leopard), others very much less so.

Bathrooms, with the warrant of *Psycho*, are now the absolute sites of suspense and nastiness in American chillers, as if all that transatlantic stress on personal hygiene is getting its come-uppance. Thus delicious Kinski wanders into one after defloration by her zoo-man and pensively smears blood from between her legs on to that lavish little mouth. And McDowell's clenched, knobbly face glares back at him from a bathroom mirror as he chews a tatter of flesh from a second conquest, washes it down with water from the basin. Beside these items, Heard's subsequent treatment of Kinski pales into quotidian Krafft-Ebing, or craft ebbing . . . Like a sensible chap he binds her to the bed be-

Kinski in *Cat People*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARK MEDOFF's

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD

PLAY OF THE YEAR

OLIVER COTTON ELIZABETH QUINN

ELIZABETH QUINN
ACTRESS OF THE YEAR

ALBERY THEATRE
BOX OFFICE 01.836 3878
CC01.379 6565 01.930 9232

OCTOBER ARTS GUIDE

– plays, films, poetry, music –

ICA:NY

A MAJOR SEASON OF NEW WORK FROM NEW YORK
14 OCTOBER — 28 NOVEMBER

EXHIBITIONS URBAN KISSES & LAURIE ANDERSON ARTWORKS
PERFORMANCE•NEW MUSIC•DANCE•VIDEO•TV
EVENTS SUSAN SONTAG LEE BREUER STUART MORGAN
BRAND NEW YORK
SPECIAL LITERARY REVIEW EDITION FOR ICA:NY

TELEPHONE FOR PROGRAMME LEAFLET 930 3647
INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS THE MALL SW1

ANOTHER COUNTRY

"Outstanding new play"
FINANCIAL TIMES

QUEEN'S THEATRE

Chile Solidarity Campaign presents

IN CONCERT FOR CHILE

inti-illimani

Paco Peña

Sun., 31 October, 7 p.m.
Dominion Theatre
Tottenham Court Road

Box Office: 01-580 9562
Tickets £6, £5, £4
Unwaged £2, only from

Chile Solidarity Campaign
129 Seven Sisters Rd.
London N.7
01-272 4298

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY AA

WOODY ALLEN
MIA FARROW
JOSE FERRER
JULIE HAGERTY
TONY ROBERTS
MARY STEENBURGEN

A JACK ROLLINS and CHARLES H. JOFFE Production

Production Designer MEL BOURNE
Director of Photography GORDON WILLIS
Executive Producer CHARLES H. JOFFE
Produced by ROBERT GREENHUT
Written and Directed by WOODY ALLEN
Technicolor

An ORION PICTURES Release

THRU WARNER BROS A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY DISTRIBUTED BY COLUMBIA FILM (WARNER) DISTRIBUTORS

Orion Pictures Company All Rights Reserved

— NOW SHOWING —

WARNER WEST END	cinecenta	classic	ABC	ABC
LEICESTER SQ 439 0791	PANTON STREET 930 0631	OXFORD ST 636 0310	FULHAM RD 370 2636	BAYSWATER 229 4149

AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Reduced prices at ABC cinemas Mon.-Fri. to 6pm, Sat. to 4pm. Adults £1·50. Senior Citizens £1·00

MONEY FOR OLD RHYME

International Rhyme Revival Poetry and Verse Competition

Total prize money £1,000

Entries can be: rhyming sonnets, villanelle, humorous verse (any length), rhyming poem over 50 lines.

CLOSING DATE: 1 NOV., 1982

Send £1 per poem with entry form. Entry form and details:
Coventry Chamber of Commerce
123 St Nicholas Street
Coventry CV1 4FD
Tel: Coventry (0203) 51777

'. . . excellent rhyming verse also has a place in the arts . . .'
Brian Willis, Co-founder
RHYME REVIVAL

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE
Swiss Cottage Centre NW3

Prevs from 14 Oct. at 8 p.m.

THE HARD SHOULDER

a comedy by
Stephen Fagan

Press night 21 Oct., 7 p.m.
Thereafter 8 p.m.

Box Office 01-722 9301

RSC

SEATS AVAILABLE OCT 7-13

THE PIT

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY · BARBICAN

Our Friends in the North

a new play by PETER FLANNERY

'Highly entertaining and beautifully written' BBC

01.628 8795

Royal Opera House
Covent Garden

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IS SUBSIDISED BY THE Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

A Great Russian Opera

Mussorgsky's

Khovanshchina

Modest Mussorgsky (Shostakovich edition) Sung in Russian

Conductor Evgeny Svetlanov
Principal Conductor,
Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow.
(Covent Garden debut)

Oct 21, 26, 29,
Nov 1, 4, 8, 11 at 6.30pm

Prices £5 – £22.50
Reservations
01-240 1066
Access/Visa bookings
01-836 6903

Cast includes Evgeny Nesterenko (leading bass, Bolshoi Theatre), Gwynne Howell, Donald McIntyre, Yvonne Minton, Robin Leggate, Robert Tear, Paul Crook

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore getting down to it. The lingering last shot, with him stroking black-cat Irena between zoo bars, suggests he has resolved one of mankind's oldest problems: that of having your sex and caging it.

But it is not just Paul Schrader's unwholesome and muddled psychopathology that gets a screen work-out this week. With the queasy justification that it is drawn (by writer Frank DeFelitta, whose very name sounds confessional) from a true and continuing case-history, Sidney J. Furie's **The Entity** examines the plight of Carla (Barbara Hershey), a 32-year-old mother of three, repeatedly raped by something invisible that clearly has it in for her. A nice, bearded psychiatrist (Ron Silver) ensures we have the details. 'He felt like a man?' 'A *big* man.' 'Did he ejaculate?' 'I – I think so.' After which heavy-breathing satisfactions, we can move on to a partial recap of the recent *Poltergeist*, with a woman-led trio of parapsychologists setting up a huge trap, involving liquid helium and a sort of studio mock-up of Carla's spirit-wracked house, to ensnare the erotic marauder by *freezing* it. Along the way to this experiment, whose outcome disappoints, there is of course rape and maybe sodomy in the bathroom. Ms Hershey, accompanied by a loud, pounding soundtrack, proves uncomfortably convincing, bucking and threshing under nothing, as the regular victim, bringing out the worst in one: me, anyway. Special effect also have a *Stepford Wives* feelie-day in one protracted sequence where Carla's naked body is apparently seen to be pinched, plucked and dented, spreadeagled under her fiancé's eyes on a bed.

The only serious new offering is the experienced Hungarian director Karoly Makk's **Another Way**, a well-made and well-played tale of political and sexual nonconformity set in 1958 and widely reckoned for its bravery. It is infernally hard for an outsider to adjudicate on what's permissible at a given moment in Eastern Europe. No matter: Jadwiga Jankowska-Cieslak formidably presents urchin-grinned lesbian Eva, an intransigent journalist, who finds reciprocated love with married colleague, blonde Livia (Grazyna Szapolowska), with tragic results all round. Small art, but worth a mind-rinsing visit. □

TELEVISION: William Boyd

Wincing hip

On **Something Else** (BBC2) a surly and angry young Scot called Michael Jones launched an impassioned attack on those television executives responsible for providing programmes for young people. *Something Else* was subtitled 'always bite the hand that feeds' so Jones was clearly alive to the incongruities of the set-up: the very institution he was accusing of serving up a relentless diet of bland middle-class pap had obligingly provided its accusers with expensive airtime on which to flail about. And some of the attacks were little more than a venting of spleen. Two actors played smug programmers and Jones had them trussed up in straitjackets, subjected to vitriolic abuse, and even went so far as to get one of his own performers to spit on them.

As a cry of frustration it was fair enough. God knows, you don't need to be a teenager to resent a lot of the stuff that passes for light entertainment these days. But when it comes to suggesting alternatives certain difficulties are encountered. Just what is it that Jones *et al* would like to see instead? As some sort of guide the items on his show were as follows: some dance sessions from an amateur dance group, some rock music accompanied by video-film, a sprightly attack on the complacency of the music press, and a short play about a group of kids who break into a community centre. The dancers were, let's face it, pretty average; the rock plus video isn't exactly new; but the play seemed fresh and an honest reflection of the type of lives a lot of kids must lead. The implications of Jones's show seem to be that 'programmes for young people' don't need to be slick or immaculately done, they simply need, first and foremost, to emanate from the audience they're designed to serve, and reflect the interests they possess.

It could be argued that Jones's *cri de coeur* is a little tardy, that shows such as *Something Else* itself, *Riverside, The Oxford Roadshow* and numerous ventures on Channel 4 are coming up with programmes that at least approximate to the kind of thing Jones wants. But then Jones described himself in the *Radio Times* as 'a new wave writer' – whatever that is – and my vague fear is that all these programmes, past and future, are not so much for young people – whoever they are – as for the Michael Joneses of this world. A common factor in all the programmes mentioned is a tendency towards a wincing hip pretentiousness, a kind of laid-back arty style that . . . but then again, come to think of it, isn't that exactly what it's like when you're young? With age comes self-consciousness, perhaps. I must be getting old.

Traditional TV does have its compensations all the same. This week it came in the shape of a fascinating documentary about a legal brothel in Nevada. **Chicken Ranch** (Central) was an unstructured rambling look at the lives of the various girls and the three-week shifts they work. From the outside the Chicken Ranch looks like a cluster of Portakabins in the middle of a dustbowl. Inside it was all fake panelling, crushed velvet, gold paint and onyx. Some sort of stab is made at a kind of cheery 'Y'all have a good time' atmosphere, but the tawdriness and soullessness of the daily grind broke through the superficial gloss all too easily. There were instances of almost classic humour, especially when a troop of monoglot Japanese tourists turned up, and occasionally the girls get merry on dope and booze, fool about and have a laugh, but overall the mood the documentary established was one of muted but unrelieved depression. The girls' dreams of bright tomorrows had all the tacky banality of umpteen Country and Western ballads. 'Men are assholes,' said one, curling her eyelashes. 'I hate them.' After seeing the range of clients, from the meek and humdrum to those heroic with beer and high on locker-room bravado it was hard to disagree. □

DANCE: Stephanie Jordan

Spellbound

ONCE you get away from dance forms that are not concerned directly with technique or abstractions, the dramatic drive of movement patterns often functions alongside commitment to meaning or content. Perhaps it is paradoxical that dance theatre is closest to conventional theatre in classical ballet, when, despite the divertissements and dramatically static set-dances, a clear narrative is expressed in stage action and mime. In our time, where dance has attempted to be theatre, or theatre to be dance, speech (or mime) becomes a different kind of communication which no longer advances the action. So it is in Tanztheater Wuppertal, the creation of Pina Bausch, who is herself a pupil of German choreographer Kurt Jooss, and represented this month at Sadler's Wells by two recent works. For, in both these works, the theme is simple, deftly encapsulated in a few sentences of sypnosis in the programme. But the argument is exhaustive, the works being between three and four hours in execution. They constitute a considerable departure from Bausch's only work hitherto familiar to British audiences, the televised *Rite of Spring* (1975).

Familiar or not, the audience has a whale of a time, delighted by the Whitehall Farce antics: the dropping of trousers, showing of men's knees, girls acting coy, sexy, the opposite, all doing the occasional rude thing. But this minimises Bausch, for she is acutely perceptive of human behaviour. I am sure Bausch welcomed the levity, being primarily a person of the theatre rather than of ideas. Broadly, her works are comic but, as in *Don Giovanni,* much besides is sinister and disturbing.

In *1980, A Piece by Pina Bausch,* seventeen clearly adult participants enact the games and rituals of children left to their own devices in a garden, those experiences that prove to contain the seeds off adult loneliness and neuroses, adult 'games'. The costumes, grown-up partywear, are modern fake-Thirties, worn clumsily like children dying for a romp. The girls clomp about awkwardly in Mummy's stilettos on the real turf stage floor, the boys all buttoned up, their hair neatly combed down. The depictions are closely observed, the fantasies familiar – 'Who'd like a cup of tea?' – with the tea set passed politely around; dancing in the spray of a lawn sprinkler; question-and-answer games. The stage too is used with the familiarity of children at home: they love the sound of their own voices over the microphone, they take crocodile line sequences down amongst the stalls, but with the body-caressing arms and the dangerously inviting glances that are depectively adult, if you are unlucky, you might have a raspberry jelly thrown at you. Not only in the quirk of adults playing children playing adults was I reminded of Dennis Potter's *Blue Remembered Hills* but in the illustration of mankind in a state of innocence as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mischievous and self-absorbed.

The construction, recalling the work of American theatrical experimenters Robert Wilson, Richard Foreman and Meredith Monk, is thoroughly personalised. The theme of children's games is expressed through a mosaic of non-narrative, unsequential episodes, often overlapping, sometimes several simultaneously, a sprawling form only arbitrarily interrupted by the interval. It is coloured by no less than fifteen musical sources from Dowland to Brahms and Liza Minelli, with strong suggestions of the chorus line and individual turns. There is even a gymnast on parallel bars (surely indisposed on the first night) and a conjurer whose prestidigitousness held all literally spellbound. Though the pace is often slow, some episodes are energetic and very funny: the leg-show and the grand sunbathing tableau in which each dancer contorts him or herself to catch or avoid the sun on the desired spot of body in all degrees of dress or undress. Yet, behind such manic, extrovert passages, unhappiness and alienation still lurk and some reminders are forceful, thus the final comment, the reprise of a long section containing a group farewell to a lonely woman.

Every member of Bausch's international company is special, a curious, multitalented being who carries his or her individuality way out front, technique concealed so that the demands of movement, music and speech release an integrated explosion of energy. Bausch's movement, rarely recognised in conventional dance form, is bold and seems to emerge naturally, as yet in a stylistic dawn.

Kontakthof is similarly constructed, the theme likewise acknowledging inner loneliness but the wit more mordant. The troupe plays itself, this time waiting in a studio, dressed for daytime auditions or rehearsal. The theatre becomes a metaphor for pretence and artifice; the unnaturalness of its associated activities and conventions is the mirror of our society. Ensembles are stocked with the violent hip gyrations, shoulder shrugs and punching bottoms of low revue. Participants contact or attempt to contact one another, once or twice with tenderness, but more often brutally and without understanding. Their gestures and habits are enlarged and ritualised, orchestrated into ironic dance phrases. A girl cries uncontrollably – then, one by one, her companions leave in a Farewell Symphony of embarrassed ear-tipping, back-turning and covert gestures of violence. Self-inflicted pain, scratching and nose-picking become part of the language of discomfort. Physical contact is generally unpleasant, most strikingly when one Meryl Tankard is hideously explored, picked at and tickled by men who swarm like termites over her body.

A programme note suggests the theme of rehearsal as well as the presentation of real people behind the parts, a piece 'about' the dancers. Principally, it is a demonstration of reality, of real pain, real exhaustion, with a correspondent disdain and grinning malice directed at other performers and at the audience too. Perhaps it is less satisfying than *1980,* but it is incapable of erasing the impression of an original and lively creative mind. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Little man

Schweyk in the Second World War by BRECHT *Olivier*
The Spanish Tragedy by KYD *Cottesloe*
Miss Margarida's Way by ROBERTO ATHAYDE *Hampstead*

This column admittedly isn't the right scholarly forum for determining just why Hitler lost the Second World War; but nor perhaps is a play dispatched by Brecht from the American eyrie in which he was finding sanctuary from the slaughter. As I understand it, the over-riding idea of **Schweyk** is that 1,000-year Reichs and other such exercises in organised arrogance will always be subverted by the 'little men' they seek to constrain. At any rate, this is rather heavily hinted at in a prologue set on some beetling Nazi Olympus. Up goes the huge caricature of Hitler that, surrounded by cartoons of his friends and enemies, dominates the Olivier stage; and there is the Führer himself in gigantic papier-maché, asking if he can rely on the support of precisely this *'kleine Mann'*. Yes, say the toadying puppets beside him. No, quietly ripostes anyone who has read a page of Hasek, let alone Brecht.

Nor does Schweyk, materialising with a pint in the same Prague pub he frequented in the novel, give Hitler his support. On the contrary, the years seem to have added a new wiliness to his nature, and he has consciously perfected the art of insulting and manipulating his adversaries while seeming to be inordinately amiable and co-operative. Yet something is not quite plausible or consistent. One trouble is that the SS, being an altogether grimmer and more ruthless machine than the antiquated clockwork of the Austro-Hungarian military, would have given far shorter shrift to a Schweyk than Brecht's plot requires to be the case. Another is that, though Schweyk may say hilariously ambiguous things in public about Hitler, though he may manage to misdirect one or two of Hitler's railway waggons and though he may give a dog coveted by one of Hitler's thugs to a starving fellow-Czech, he doesn't exemplify a force as quietly yet devastatingly undermining to Hitler as Brecht wants to think.

For proof, consider the denouement. This finds Schweyk press-ganged into the German army, lost and frozen in the Stalingrad snow and (it seems) without hope of continuing to do what he's always been best at: surviving. Admittedly, he then confronts the giant Hitler-doll and tells him he doesn't know whether to 'shit on you or shoot you'. But this is just a dying daydream. The truth is that neither his excrement nor his bullets nor his working-class shrewdness nor his knack for passive resistance nor any of his other special strengths are what dispatch the Führer to hell. Whatever Brecht may believe in theory, in practice he shows Hitler successfully oppressing and exploiting the 'little men' and being brought down only by the Russian winter. 'The great don't stay great, the order is turning', sings the cast at the National, 'The night has twelve hours, but day comes at last.' Splendid sentiments, resoundingly sung; but you could, you *do* leave the theatre feeling that Schweyk and his ilk have contributed little, if anything, to that proletarian dawning.

Perhaps this helps explain why the play sometimes seems a bit loose and inconsequential. It is supposed to concern the long-term triumph of the worker-ant over the jackal or, to use Brecht's own metaphor, the tick over the tiger; and, somehow, it just doesn't mean as much as that. It is more a series of anecdotes about a garrulous tease and chancer: good, mischievous fun, but not a lot more. However, thanks to Richard Eyre's production, which is equally adept with the big spectacular effect and the small homespun detail, at least it *is* fun; and thanks to Bill Paterson's streetwise Schweyk, a tiny, red-faced blend of mole, ferret and radish, genially beaming at those he is slyly kneeing in the groin, the element of mischief is there in abundance too. Add Julia Mackenzie, Brian Glover and the rest of a well-orchestrated cast, and you've an evening lacking mainly in those qualities Brecht failed to provide: rigour, tough-mindedness and, dare one say, the hard-won wisdom that comes from first-hand experience of the fray.

The Spanish Tragedy is our first great revenge tragedy, with Kyd's own (and lost) *ur-Hamlet* the crude seed that was to burgeon into full intricacy in Shakespeare's Elsinore. Much of the time it seems no more than sensation-mongering, the dramatic equivalent of our own London Dungeons: stabbings, hangings, a son found murdered by his father, a mother run spectacularly mad, and a wonderfully improbable play-within-a-play, in which the wronged protagonist skewers his enemies and bites off his own tongue before doing himself bloodily to death. Yet behind the robust incident and stark, blunt iambs you feel there's a mind, which is grimly meditating on politics, personal honour and metaphysical justice; and that, combined with the play's historical importance, surely makes even the gleeful glossophagy worth sitting through. Moreover, Michael Bogdanov's production – occurring in and around an overblown guillotine-frame which houses a throne built for part-time garrotting – is fluently staged and energetically acted: Greg Hicks, a suave, curt killer; Patti Love, his frantic sister; and, especially, Michael Bryant, his grizzled pursuer. The last of these successfully substitutes a tense, quivering and not altogether sane paternal outrage for the paternal pride he conscientiously projects at the start – and, in every sense of the adjective, gives a marvellously pop-eyed performance.

The Hampstead programme reveals that Roberto Athayde was expelled from three schools, so **Miss Margarida** may presumably be taken as a retroactive V-sign at all those who made him miserable and rebellious. It transforms the theatre into a classroom, and Estelle Parsons into a capsule version of all that's worst in the teaching profession. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2738 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Wanted: versions of 'These Foolish Things' suitable for singing to Ronald Reagan, Princess Anne, Bernard Levin, Barbara Woodhouse or other contemporary figures of your choice. By 15 October.

No 2736 Set by Pat Blackford

Opening paragraphs from narrative poems rewritten by novelists.

Report By Jeff Squiffy

The she-wolf has flown off to the New Hebrides (a.k.a. Vanuatu) for a 'complete rest', as advised by her doctor. Hence the reappearance of the Squiffy by-line in these parts; hence, too, the unwontedly frolicsome spirit in the Complex. Aged comp judges have been released from their cells, and the young postal messengers have been awarded a half-holiday. In Lincoln's Inn Fields small children dance gaily on the greensward. And you, dear compers, have done all that one could desire. Nine crisp ones for each winner.

Hemingway's *Canterbury Tales*

It was a wet April and dry March was over. You could tell by the rain. It soaked things, the rain did, down to their roots. It made things grow. You could tell by the wind, too, that April in England, that it was spring. (The sun was about halfway through Aries then.) It may have been the wind that kept the birds awake, or maybe they heard the young grass growing. They sang all night in some parts. We couldn't close our eyes either. So it was lack of sleep that made us think of getting away someplace. (I was for Pamplona or the Keys. I was for anywhere, no matter how far, where you could rest like a man.) But people were doing a lot of travelling at the time, mostly heading for old Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

Faulkner's *Paradise Lost*

The land was theirs not by right of simple conquest, nor by process of hereditary transmission (marked by that tireless chronometer of deeds, bills of sale, faded and inscrutable documents), but by ancient immitigable decree (or curse, some would say), so that the spreading acres, casually yet irrevocably bestowed, lured man and woman into a sense of freedom like the dead weight of time. *This is yours*, He said, and then, *all save the one tree*. And it might (for who could predict the ultimate germination of that first, fatal, equivocal seed?) have been a benison, but for the savage pride of Old Nick, who rode out that day like Pickett at Cemetery Ridge, the bright plumes of his warriors sprouting like cotton.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Wodehouse's *Ancient Mariner*

The mariner had been musing. He had not enjoyed a good pie-jaw for days and was thinking how good one would be when he saw three landlubbers approaching. An observant passer-by, scanning his face, would have discerned a squinting expression like that of a Moroccan buzzard scenting a black pudding on the turn.

'Heave to, there!' he cried, laying a horny palm on the nearest.

'I beg your pardon, my good man.'

'I wish you wouldn't interrupt,' the Mariner said brusquely, detaining him with a vice-like grip.

'But dash it! I'll be late for Cousin Theo's wedding. Unhand me at once!'

The Mariner fixed him with an eyeball Svengali himself would have been proud to deploy, and the wedding guest staggered to the nearest stone.

'There was this bird,' the Mariner began . . .

T. GRIFFITHS

Beckett's *Ancient Mariner*

I began to speak, if speech it can be called, this terrible outpouring of words, this unstaunchable logorrhoea. I approached the approaching guests. There were three of them. Or was it they who approached me? There was a ship, I very likely said, so extreme was my need. I suppose he must have tried to get away, the one I addressed, they usually do. Unhand me, he probably said; perhaps he insulted me. Insults I am used to. Loon, he may have called me, yes, loon, I imagine he did, I, who will tolerate any form of address. I can't go on. I must. There was music playing, a bassoon, if such an instrument exists. The ship was cheered. Yes, I remember saying that, although now I can attribute no trace of meaning to it. He beat his breast.

GERARD BENSON

Kingsley Amis's *Ancient Mariner*

'Hullo, sailor,' said the Professor. 'You been invited to the wedding too? Got a wife in every port, eh, ha ha.' The old salt's eyes flashed on and off like a faulty neon sign. 'Heard that one about the albatross?' he said. 'Albert Ross? Never heard of him,' quipped the Prof. 'You will, you will,' said the sailor, making his rule-Britannia face and stretching out a skinny hand. The Professor shrugged. Better humour this superannuated matelot.

'We were in the South Atlantic –' began the other ('Oh God – the Falkland factor again,' thought the Prof.) ' – when I saw this bird.' 'What would a girl be doing in the South Atlantic?' asked the Prof. 'One of our feathered friends. With bloody great wings.' The sailor extended his arms. 'I shot him.'

'Bye bye birdie,' murmured the Prof.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Marilyn French's *The Lady Of Shalott*

The weaving was really pissing her off, but she didn't dare put it down. She couldn't even see out of the window, except through the goddamned mirror. I am one hell of an unliberated lady, she thought to herself. How long am I going to wait for a knight in shining armour to happen along? She glanced mechanically at the mirror – her way of experiencing vicariously the big, bad, man's world outside.

Then she saw him. Sir Lancelot! God, what a beautiful man – coal-black curls, baldric slashed to the waist, gold medallion nestling in his chest-hair, and a massive codpiece. Jesus, she moaned, feeling a sweet unfamiliar throbbing deep within her. She groped her way to the window, and heard an almighty crack as the mirror split in two, scattering shards of glass. There was blood everywhere. Oh Christ, she muttered, it's the curse.

PETER NORMAN

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index to Vol. 103 (January-June 1982) is now available, price £1.25, post free, from the publisher: 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.

TAKING PART

John McVicar

Minding your ids & egos

AS FAR AS I am concerned the only inviting dance floors are the dark and crowded ones. This probably goes back to a boyhood which put dancehalls on par with universities. When I did start going to the local Palais in my teens, the aim seemed to be to get slung out for fighting, or maybe pull a girl, but for sure it wasn't to dance. In fact, the most excruciating experience in my life occurred when my mother decided that I was going to learn to quickstep and waltz and so on. I was about eleven and she dragged me to ballroom school. I was the only boy there . . . I can't tell you, because even thirty years on the memory makes me cringe, but it was worse than the piano lessons. The sociologists blame the latch-key mum, but the real culprit is the working-class mother with middle-class pretensions.

Yet I've come to enjoy dancing with my lady. She is streets in front of me as a dancer – she did the ballet thing as a kid and later some modern dance – but when we're on our own we'll often rock along to some sounds. A few months ago we were dancing to a Brazilian album and I became conscious that we were out of sync. I was disappointed, because I thought I'd solved that months before.

After I'd tried and failed to complement my movements to hers, I began wondering if it was her fault. I discarded this on the basis that she is an experienced dancer. Eventually I decided that I was just having an off night.

I became curious, though, as to whether she'd picked up the same vibes, so I asked her if she know we were out of step. 'Of course. It's the music,' she answered. I didn't read her properly, because I still wasn't sure if was my fault! I hedged, 'It's not you though is it? It's me."

Our dancing slowed to a sway. She nodded, 'You're unfamiliar with South American rhythms. They're subtle and difficult to dance to.' Well it was me. But I was less blameworthy than I'd thought and she definitely got full marks for working it out.

I explained my mistake: 'At first I wondered if it was you. But I couldn't really buy that one as I know you're a good dancer. So it had to be me and the only answer I could come up with was that I wasn't into it tonight.' Her face set in disapproval. I didn't query why but continued, because I'd worked out how she'd come to the correct explanation: 'You must have had this problem before with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Englishmen, so you had a ready explanation for my clumsiness.'

The disapproval faded as she searched her memory. 'No, it's not cropped up before. But once it became apparent that you were not in time, I knew why. You'd been dancing okay before I put this album on, so it wasn't that you were out of touch. All that was left was your unfamiliarity with South American rhythms because it certainly wasn't me. But I'm not surprised that you didn't see it. If it had been something other than dancing, which you know I've been trained in, you'd have blamed it on me. That's how your mind works. Like most men's.'

I didn't know where that all came from but to deal with it I felt I needed a little more distance between us than my present position gave me. I broke for the couch. She sat opposite me with a challenging look on her face. It was 'serious talk' time.

I asked what she meant. 'John it's no surprise is it – men are more egocentric than women; they have much larger egos which need much more protection? Is that a revelation? When something affects you, you *always* look round for someone to blame it on. And it's never your fault.

If what you saw just now as a problem hadn't been dancing, you'd never have considered that it was your fault. You'd have found a reason to blame me. This instinctive search for someone to blame is typically male and skewed as well. Okay, you were open this time to considering yourself at fault but you blamed yourself for the wrong reason.'

My idea of being rational in such discussions is not to become blatantly irrational. In a controlled fashion, I asked her why women are not into blaming. 'They are but, because they give more, they're more likely to blame themselves. In almost every sphere, men take more and women give more. And it's the same when it comes to assigning responsibility: men *blame* them more and they blame themselves more.'

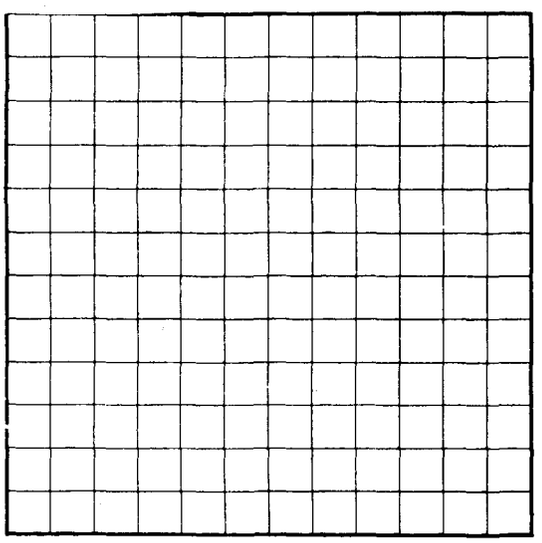
I had her: 'But *you* don't do that, do you? How come?'

'John, my whole life is based upon throwing off whatever ego my family, my culture, gave me. I never chose the standards it's based on and I try not let myself feel good or bad according to how I measure up to them. It's the same with all the other social rules which most people dance to. I'm not influenced by people's disapproval unless I agree with the principles it derives from. I'm always working at trying to understand and refine the rules I live by. I'm not a conventional woman and I'll never be like all the women who've been cossetting you ever since you were born. The fact that most of the time you don't notice I'm not like your mother, your sisters, your nieces, your ex-girlfriends and whoever is just a tribute to how egocentric they've made you!'

I could tell she needed to get it out of her system and I never protested – I took it like a man. However, this Sunday an incident occurred which, afterwards, I used to remind her that men did have their uses. We were having breakfast looking out onto the street, when a kid walked past. 'John have a talk with that boy. He's been ringing the doorbell and saying obscene things through the intercom. The bloody kid won't take any notice of me. It's infuriating and humiliating.'

I even interrupted my scrambled egg to do it. He was about ten the kid. When I tackled him he was a bit frightened but stuck to his guns: 'No mister. I didn't do nuffin'. Honest.' I warned him off the course. But I didn't have the heart to drag him off to his mother. He reminded me of when I was his age. It's a delicate age and I didn't want to do anything that might break his spirit. □

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 60, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 November.



To do my puzzle you will need
Both main diagonals to read

A completed grid will have the same symmetry if turned upside-down. Clues are in order, all answers are entered normally and solvers should ignore numbers but insert bars.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

Cavities containing crystals doctor treats
Thesis on old mowing blades
A tree-planted walk or street surrounded by jade crosses on each side
Behold this tipsy rascal once
May mainly be covered by vehicle on both sides
Casanovas, going about so, lie all over the place – are they these? (2 words)
Seeming mostly sprawled mass described as this?
Such acid is found reacting in antacid oils
Pedestal, one with low surround
Have a drink, have a round, it's futile (2 words)
Who leads notable Apollo space attempts?
Girl arranging seats
Struggles to keep a song in tune
The peculiar properties of gold always surrounding what's acceptable about it
Park once let out to aircraft
You'll find a Sun shining on foreign corn here – such land?
Part of structural arch of wing
Japanese, in look, snappish
Coarse grass you see that's long in the Highlands
Indeed it's always a squirrel-like creature

DOWN

Words? This is specially indicatory
King getting a sort of lame support – where?

Re – – ,they'll make Rob's eyes run!
Force given it when written *force*
Dark wing rising in light of day . . .
. . . It'll need this for lift, one with velocity perhaps

These blades specially tooled with Spanish source

Part by which our days are measured
He's a sect member – you can get that from his tie

Fungus etc. having come, say, with change I, with company, alas, no good – what am I?

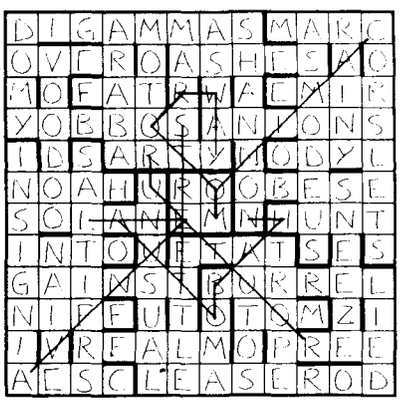
Small figures among others in moulded steins

Capital found in bank (Arabian)
Punishing crowd of youths surrounding tree

Sloth, one having put up with tree-shrews
Manatee finding food and energy around water

Where you'll see Mr Kojak
Look up, look down, here's a jar

Solution to Salamanca 59



All roads lead to Rome: – most of the clues had a 'street' flavour.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 59

Joan Todd (London)
W. S. Brownlie (Paisley)
L. E. Thomas (Bangor)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-405 4911/2/3
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7 per single centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21). **Special rate for charities** – £6 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. – £18).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ.
Telex – 28449.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. . . . at the above address.

Fellowships

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for **SIMON RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS** in any of the Social Sciences, including Law and Education, tenable during the academic session 1983/84. Values normally within the range of £6,375-£13,505 p.a. (Simon Research Fellowships) or £12,920-£16,180 p.a. (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications are invited for **HALLSWORTH FELLOWSHIPS** in advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Public Adminstration). Value within the range £6,375-£19,405 p.a. according to qualifications and experience.

These Fellowships are not awarded for postgraduate study and applicants should have experience which will qualify them to carry out a substantial piece of original research. Enquiries about the scope of the Fellowships are welcomed. **Further particulars and application forms (returnable by December 1st) are obtainable from the Registrar (Academic Staffing), The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Please state for which Fellowship details are required and quote ref. 116/82/NS.**

Schools

WYCHWOOD GIRLS' SCHOOL, Oxford, 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J. E. Schuller, MA.

Secretarial

FAST, ACCURATE typing, IBM Golfball, MSS, theses, etc. Tel: 01-673 7042.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

REAMS OFFERS a reliable, professional typing service, very competitive rates. Layout and design specialists. Call Claire Henville, 01-381 0139.

Courses

COMPUTER CORRESPONDENCE COURSES. Learn basic programming using the latest microcomputer. For full details write, enclosing s.a.e. to Computer Correspondence Courses, Churchway, West Ilsley, nr Newbury, Berks. Tel. East Ilsley 336.

HISTORY OF Feminism/Socialism. 12 week course (Thurs), central London. Tel. 01-226 6400.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

offers a variety of courses in a splendid Florentine environment. Courses in the Italian language (all levels) and the Italian Renaissance throughout the year. Drawing courses in September, October, March and April. G.C.E. A-level Italian from January-June. Accommodation arranged. 1983 brochure now available. Please contact:

David Rundle, The Director
The British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9
Florence
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Appointments

GLC
Working for London

Strategic development of the London economy

The Economic Policy Group has been established by the Greater London Council to advise its Industry and Employment Committee on economic strategy and to work with London boroughs, trades unions and community groups in formulating the London Industrial Strategy and the London Manpower Plan.

Of the specialist units now being set up to carry this work forward, the Research Unit will be concerned with the broad strategic issues of industrial and labour force strategies, while the Popular Planning Unit will set out to encourage Londoners to participate in the planning and implementation of the Council's economic strategy as a whole.

Applications are now invited from suitably qualified specialists and research workers for a range of important positions within these units:

Research Unit

The work of this unit will be carried out by four senior research orientated specialists, one of whom will be appointed to head up the unit, each an authority in their field and with experience of working with community and workplace groups:

– **a Macro Economist**
to work on trends in the national and international economy, affecting industry and employment in London, and develop strategic options for the Council.

– **an Urbanist**
to relate the problems of London's transport, housing and land use planning to the London Industrial Strategy.

– **a Labour Economist**
to be responsible for research on the London Manpower Plan and related to London's labour and labour markets.

– **a Technologist/Economist**
to link with the Technology Unit on the implications of new technology, the development of socially useful products and new technology networks.

– **Two Research Officers**
are also required to work in support of the unit. Applicants should be educated to degree level and have some research experience, or be able to show they have taken an active interest in this area of work.

Popular Planning Unit

This unit will appoint two senior specialists who possess the capacity to organise support on behalf of community and workplace groups involved in developing local, factory and sectoral plans; to encourage discussion of the strategic economic issues facing Londoners; and help create a London-wide campaign for socially useful jobs.

Applicants might have experience in such fields as trades union or community education, the worker writers movement, campaigns on unemployment and related issues, resource and research centres, or have worked as photographers, writers and through other media in support of workplace and community activities.

Salaries

Salaries for these positions will be within the following ranges:
Research Unit Head £16,776—£18,468;
Senior Specialists £13,809—£15,021;
Research Officers £6,000—£8,000 or more, depending upon qualifications and experience. All salaries include a London Weighting Allowance.

For further details and an application form, which must be returned by 15th October 1982, write to the Director-General's Department (DG/AE/NS/102), Greater London Council, Room 202, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB, or telephone 01-633 3435/6651.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

Printing

COMMUNITY PRINT
Tyneside Free Press Workshop
is an established workers' co-operative specialising in work for
TRADE UNIONS & LABOUR MOVEMENT
DISARMAMENT & COMMUNITY GROUPS
POETRY & LITTLE PRESSES
High Quality
Design, Typesetting, Print & Finishing
Contact: Andy 0632 320403
5 Charlotte Square, Newcastle NE1 4XF

Financial

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£100 to £25,000
Written terms on request
REGIONAL TRUST LTD.
31 Dover St, London
W1A 4RT
01-491 2934

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS OFFICER

£12,642-£13,830

Applications are invited for this post which is vacant following the promotion of the previous postholder to a senior post in another Directorate. It carries responsibility for the provision on behalf of the Assistant Chief Executive (Personnel and Management Services Officer) of a comprehensive Industrial Relations Service to the Council and its Principal Officers through the development, implementation and monitoring of progressive policies aimed at establishing good industrial relations.

Candidates should be suitably qualified (IPM or DMS), have at least five years' relevant experience, and must be able to demonstrate the potential to work successfully with Trade Union representatives, Members and Principal Officers of the Council.

Application form from Personnel and Management Services Officer, London Borough of Greenwich, Peggy Middleton House, 50 Woolwich New Road, Woolwich, London, S.E.18. (Tel. 854 8888, Ext. 2119).

Closing date: 15 October, 1982.

The Council is an equal opportunities employer. All applicants will be considered, irrespective of sex or country of origin.

GREENWICH

BANKING INSURANCE & FINANCE UNION

Applications are invited for the position of

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

of the Union

The duties will involve, in the first instance, responsibility for Barclays Bank negotiations and participation in national negotiations with the clearing banks. Experience in negotiations is desirable and a knowledge of and commitment to trade unionism is essential.

This permanent and pensionable position is based at Wimbledon. The commencing salary is **£13,106 (incl. of London Allowance).** A motor car will be provided.

Application forms are available at Union Headquarters and completed forms must be returned by Thursday, 21 October, 1982 to:

BIFU, Sheffield House, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NL

GREEN CITY WHOLEFOODS WORKERS' CO-OPERATIVE
(Glasgow)

Due to expansion we have
THREE NEW VACANCIES

Wide ranging work opportunities such as: sales, accounts, personnel, machine operating, delivery driving, mechanics, buying and general warehousing work. Previous work experience not essential, but a willingness to work collectively is.
Driving essential. Resident in Scotland preferred.

For details apply: 041-882 9463/6 or write and tell us about yourself:
GREEN CITY WHOLEFOODS
26 Earl Haig Road
Hillington Industrial Estate
Glasgow G52 4JU

EMPLOYMENT WORKER to promote alternative employment and training initiatives in Islington. Experience with project development or campaigns/Trades Unions or ethnic minorities an advantage. Salary: c£8,000 p.a. Information and forms: Community Employment Unit, Islington Voluntary Action Council, 133 Upper Street, London N1. Tel: 01-226 4690. Closing date: 25 Oct, 1982.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Appointments Wanted

RESEARCH ASSISTANT available. Recent Politics Graduate with typing, driving, etc Student level living in London required. Box 4841.

LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

1-9 October

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 1 OCT

KENDAL. Jeff Rooker: 'The Future of the Labour Party! 7.30 p.m. Tel: **Kendal 24657.**
LONDON, SE11. 'Oval Games' — An open air drive-in epic. Gladiators/Charioteers. Until 3 Oct., 7.45 p.m. Oval House, 52 Kennington Oval. **582 7680 FREE.**
LONDON, SW1. Publication of 'Brand New York' magazine in conjunction with Literary Review to accompany ICA's 6-week 'New Work From New York' season. Features on art, video, new music, performance. Available newsagents or ICA Bookshop, The Mall. £2.50.

SAT 2 OCT

GLASGOW. 'Mental Health — Proposals for a new future! Conference org. by SCCL, details Andy MacDonald **041-332 5960.**
LONDON, W.1. 'Women and the State'. One day conference for women in political studies. Details **0509 30457.**
LONDON, SE1. 'London as it might be', popular planning, County Hall, 10 a.m. until Oct. 30. £2/£1 u/w. Details Charlie Owen, 41 Brunswick Square, WC1.
SHEFFIELD. 'Defence Policies in the '80s' 9.30 a.m.-4 p.m. Dayschool — speakers include April Carter, Anthony Arblaster, John Field, Phil Asquith, Mary Kaldor. At Bow Centre. **0742-322690.**
SHEFFIELD. 'The Peace Movement after the Falklands' public meeting. Speakers include E. P. Thompson, Kate Soper, Richard Carbon MEP, Jean McCrindle. 7.30 p.m. City Hall. **0742-615388.**
BIRMINGHAM. CND 'March for Peace'. Assemble 10 a.m. Methodist Church, Cotteridge. Rally 12 noon, Friends Meeting House, Northfield.
OXFORD. Seminar. 'Industrial Democracy and Workers Control'. 10 a.m. Co-op Hall, 196 Cowley Road.
SATS. & SUNS. FROM 2 OCTOBER, LONDON, SW1. Season of ASTERIX and LUCKY LUKE cartoon films at the ICA, The Mall. £1.25. **01-930 3647.**

SUN 3 OCT

LONDON, WC1. Lecture, 'Changing Conceptions of Nature' by Brian Morris. 11 a.m. Library, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq. **01-242 8032.**

MON 4 OCT

LONDON W1. 'A Social Democratic Interpretation of History' — Peter Clarke. History Workshop seminar. 7.30 p.m., Upstairs at the 'Black Horse', 6 Rathbone Place.
LEICESTER. CND Nuclear Free Festival with E. P. Thompson, Bob Cryer, Joan Ruddock. Music. 7.30 p.m. DeMontford Hall. **0533-57228.**

TUES 5 OCT

LONDON, SW1. Discussion, 'A media for whom? Journalism and social responsibility'. Stuart Hood, John Pilger, John Torode, Dianne Abbott, Dorothy Hobson. £1.25. ICA, The Mall. **01-930 3647.**

WED 6 OCT

UNTIL 6 NOV. LONDON, SW11. 'Mayler' by E. J. Morey. Powerful prison drama. 7.45 p.m. Bridge Lane Theatre, Battersea Bridge Rd. **01-228 8828.**
LONDON, SW19. Joan Lestor MP speaks on 'Women's Rights'. 8 p.m. William Morris Hall, 267 Wimbledon Broadway.
LONDON, W1. 'Alexandria'. Egyptian lecture by Prof. H. Maehler. 6 p.m. Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens.
LONDON SW1. Discussion. 'The Future of Broadcasting'. Brian Wenham, Peter Ibbotson, Melvyn Bragg, David Puttnam. £1.25. ICA, The Mall. **01-930 3647.**

THURS 7 OCT

MANCHESTER. 'Socialism and the Media'. Man. Socialist Soc. 8 p.m. Black Lion Hotel, Blackfriars St., Salford. **061-224 5378/4339.**

FRI 8 OCT

LONDON, SW2. Meeting, 'Civil Defence? Hard Luck!' 7.30 p.m. Lambeth Town Hall, Acre Lane. **01-677 9994.**

FORTHCOMING

TUESDAYS till 30 NOVEMBER, LONDON EC3. Lunchtime talks 1.10 p.m. on progress of BILLINGSGATE EXCAVATION. 25p. Public Viewing Gallery, Lower Thames Street. Public viewing daily.
10 OCTOBER. LONDON, WC1. Forum, 'Campaign against the arms trade'. 3 p.m. Library, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq. 01-242 8032.
10 OCTOBER. LIVERPOOL. Meeting, 'Democracy in the N.H.S.' Jean Robinson, David Blunkett, David Bird. 2-5 p.m. 50p. Friends Meeting House, Paradise Sq. **051-733 4497.**
10 OCTOBER. LONDON, SE23. Rugby match to help Fund for paralysed Guy's student Stephen Duckworth. 11 p.m. Honor Oak Park, Brockley Rise. **01-387 4499.**
13 OCTOBER. LONDON, W1. 'Nubia'. Egyptian lecture by R. D. Anderson. 6 p.m. Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens.
FROM 13 OCTOBER. LONDON, NW1. 'How to make up your mind about the bomb'. Course of 6 Wed. evenings at Working Men's College, Crowndale Rd. **01-387 2037/8208.**
14 OCTOBER-21 NOVEMBER. LONDON, SW1. Exhibition, 'Urban Kisses: 7 Artists from New York'. Concourse and Main Galleries, ICA, The Mall. Closed Mons. 12 noon-9 p.m. Also **Laurie Anderson:** Artworks in the Upper Gallery.
14 OCTOBER. LONDON, WC2. lecture, 'Beatrice Webb: The Other Self' by Elizabeth Longford. 6 p.m. Old Theatre, LSE, Houghton Street.
15 OCTOBER. KENDAL. Norman Hogg speaks. 7.30 p.m. Kirkland Hall, Kendal LP. **0539 24657.**
15 OCTOBER. GREAT YARMOUTH. 'No More Nuclear Power?' ANC fringe meeting at SDP Conference. **0742 754691.**
16 OCTOBER. MANCHESTER. CHAR general meeting, 'Local Housing Policies for Single People: The CHAR Blueprint'. 11 a.m. UMIST. **01-839 6185.**
17 OCTOBER. ABERDEEN. Beatrix Campbell, 'Wanted: A New Deal For Women'. 7.30 p.m. Aberdeen Univ Union, Upper Kirkgate.
23 OCTOBER. LONDON, EC1. Conference, 'Restructuring END'. 10.30 a.m. City University, St John Street. Advance registration essential £3. END, 227 Seven Sisters Rd., N4. **01-272 1236.**
23 OCTOBER. OXFORD. Seminar, 'Co-operatives and Economic Planning'. 10 a.m. Co-op Hall, 196 Cowley Rd.
24 OCTOBER. LONDON, WC1. Forum, 'Is the Law and Order Debate Genuine?' Andy Erlain, 3 p.m. Library, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square.
29-31 OCTOBER, LONDON, E1. The Moving Left Show. Over 50 sessions on wide range of Left topics plus evening music, theatre, comedy. Queen Mary College, Mile End. Info & Free programme. Jo Newman, 16 St John Street, EC1. **01-251 4406.**
30 OCTOBER. WEMBLEY. International Conference on Active Birth. Details: Active Birth Movement, 32 Cholmeley Crescent, London N6 5JR. Tel: **01-348 4636.**
31 OCTOBER. LONDON, W1. Chile Solidarity Campaign presents Inti-Illimani and Paco Pena in concert. 7 p.m. Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Ct. Rd. Box Office. **01-580 9562.**
1 NOVEMBER. MIAMI, FLORIDA. Deadline for Papers and Registrations for 'Faculty (Staff) Development and Evaluation — 2nd International Seminar', 29/12/82-5/1/83. Details: Chris de Winter Hebron, Humanities Faculty, Newcastle Polytechnic. **0632 612181.**
2 NOVEMBER. LONDON, WC1. Kirsten Sonstegard on 'Psychodrama'. 7.30 p.m. Community Rooms, 26 Millman St.
4 NOVEMBER. MANCHESTER. Meeting, 'The Politics of the Peace Movement', Man. Socialist Soc. 8 p.m. Black Lion Hotel, Blackfriars St., Salford. **061-224 5378/4339.**
5 NOVEMBER. LEICESTER. Poetry Reading inc. Michele Roberts. 7.30 p.m. Blackthorn Books, High St.
5-6 NOVEMBER, LONDON WC1. Fifth Socialist Book Fair. Complete display of socialist, radical and trade union literature. (Details of stands, etc. Tel: Bookmarks 01-802 6145.) Camden Town Hall, Euston Road.
5-9 NOVEMBER, SHEFFIELD. History Workshop 16. Subjects inc. Sexual Politics, the State, Peace Movements, People's History. Speakers — Raphael Samuel, Sheila Rowbotham, Royden Harrison, Anna Davin. Sheffield City Poly, Pond St. site. **0742 615388.**
6 NOVEMBER, LONDON SW1. 'Stop Sizewell B' Rally and conference. Speakers — David Ennals MP, Arthur Scargill, Ken Cameron, Colin Sweet, Dr Don Arnott. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Central Hall, Westminster. **0742-754691.**
6 NOVEMBER. MANCHESTER 20. The Peace Movement in 1982—Alternative Production. 10 a.m. £2 (50p u/w). Withington Adult Educ. Centre, Maudeth Rd. **061-861 9205.**
29 NOVEMBER. LONDON, EC2. MIND Conference on the Mental Health (Amendment) Act, 1982. Spkrs. inc. Prof R. Bluglass, Prof R. Olsen, Prof J. Gunn, Bernard Kat, Seamus Killen, Larry Gostin. Barbican Centre. Registration £30 by 8 Nov. to Conference Secretary, MIND, 22 Harley St., London, W1. **01-637 0741.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

COMEDY 930 2578

STEAMING

from Theatre Royal Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
"laughter hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

DONMAR WAREHOUSE 836 1071
41 Earlham St., WC2 379 6565
The Musical
DESTRY RIDES AGAIN
with
Jill Gascoine & Alfred Molina

MERMAID 236 5568
cc 236 5324
Triumphant return of smash hit
TRAFFORD TANZI
'I advise Londoners to flock' – Gdn
Eves. 8 p.m.
Fri/Sat. 6.45, 9.15

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS
THEATRE DESPATCH 31 Shelton St. WC2H 9HT

Theatres

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795 cc 01-638 8891, 24-hr info 01-628 2295. Few day seats £3 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'POPPY' – RSC's new musical book & lyrics by Peter Nichols, music by Monty Norman 1-6 Oct. (mat. 2, 6 Oct.) 'HENRY IV' PT 1 7 Oct. THE PIT – 'THE WITCH OF EDMONTON' by Dekker, Ford & Rowley 1-6 Oct. (mat. 2 Oct.). 'OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH' by Peter Flannery 7 Oct.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488/7040. ½ Price Prevs NOW. Evgs 7.45. Mat. Thu. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. Opens 13 Oct at 7.00. A New Production of:
THE MIKADO
THE MIKADO
THE MIKADO
THE MIKADO
THE MIKADO
THE MIKADO
"An imaginative creation . . . Sumptuously Dressed . . . Comic Extravaganza" Gdn. Group Bkgs. 01-836 2379, cc accepted.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Schweyk in the Second World War', 'Denton's Death', 'Don Quixote', Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'Way Upstream'. 'The Importance of Being Earnest', 'Uncle Vanya'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Spanish Tragedy'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information. 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. cc 01-278 8916 (5 lines) 24-hr instant bookings 01-200 0200, Grp sales 01-379 6061.
3 Oct. 7.30. A VIENNESE EVENING
5 to 9 Oct. SANKAI JUKU
AMPLE FREE PARKING aft. 6.30 p.m.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards S-Student standby.

Meetings

AFTER BEIRUT, WHAT NOW? Socialist Society Teach In. Speakers Jonathan Steele, Avishai Erlich, Michael Adams, Pam Smith & Mustapha Kirkouti. Thurs. 7 Oct. 7.30pm. Manning Hall, University of London Union, Malet St, London.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 3 Oct p.m. 'Fundamentals of Theosophy'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Publications

ANARCHIST BOOKS. S.a.e. to A Distribution (NS), 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology. ECONOMISTS BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

INDUSTRIAL HISTORY catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

"D for Doris V for Victory"

Seen the film 'Rosie the Riveter'?

Read Doris White's account of her experiences in an engineering factory in Britain during WW2. £1.95 from bookshops, or £2.30 post-paid from the publishers.

Oakleaf Books, 109 Church Street, Wolverton, Milton Keynes.

AUTHORS WANTED BY N.Y. PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, scholarly and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free booklet N-89. **Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St. New York, NY 10001.**

Now read the book...

The paperback edition of Duncan Campbell's new book, **WAR PLAN UK**, will be available soon through the **New Statesman** at £6.95 post free.

Reserve your copy now by sending a cheque/postal order for £6.95, payable to "New Statesman", to:

War Plan Book Offer
NEW STATESMAN
10 GREAT TURNSTILE
LONDON
WC1V 7HJ

Copies will be despatched during October

POLITICO

Political Memorabilia from the Gunpowder Plot to the present day. LABOUR & SOCIALIST items include rare c19 SDF and other pamphlets; early c20 election material; suffragette items; Macdonald Attlee memorabilia

Large SAE for Catalogue:

POLITICO, 23 GREAT SMITH ST., LONDON SW1P 3DL

MILITANT TENDENCY – Right or Wrong? A topical pamphlet by A. F. Clarke. Send 30p plus SAE to 8 Green Acre Close, Baildon, West Yorkshire.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

For Sale

WHAT IS BUDDHISM?

Find out first from

THE BUDDHIST SOCIETY
58 Eccleston Square, SW1
01-834 5858

A unique archive of pre-recorded cassette tapes (60/90 minute talks) by distinguished scholars:

Dr. Edward Conze, Ven. Sumedho, Phiroz Mehra, Christmas Humphreys

£2.50/£3.50, sae for complete list to The Buddhist Society

Holidays/ Travel

MOSCOW By TRAIN 3-13 Nov, 22 Dec-1 Jan..... £165
KIEV By TRAIN 3-13 Nov, 22 Dec-1 Jan £155
TASHKENT, SAMARKAND By TRAIN, 18 Dec-3 Jan £200

INCLUDES 5 days with full board and full sightseeing programme

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Telephone: 0484 24269

AIR TRAVEL PLAN provides you with the cheapest fare to most cities in Europe and Worldwide. Tel. 01-734 3551.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

USSR TOURS: October mid-term, 23-30 October £217 or 24-31 £225, to Moscow, Leningrad. November Celebrations: 30 October-8 November, Moscow, Novgorod and Leningrad £210, or Moscow, Vladimir and Suzdal £198. Prices include flights, full board, daily programme. Progressive Tours Ltd, 12 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, London W2 2BS. Tel 01-262 1676.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Classified ads cost only **£1.60 per six words** in the New Statesman (Min. size 12 words – £3.20).
Box Numbers £2.00 extra. Your name and address, if to be used in the ad, must be included and paid for. Use a plain sheet of paper if you need more space or don't want to cut the page.

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

Heading required: .....

Remittance enclosed.....No. of issues.....

Please use BLOCK CAPITALS

						£3.20
						£4.80
						£6.40
						£8.00

Remittances payable to **"NEW STATESMAN"**. Send to: Classified Ads, NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. **COPY DATE – By post-Tuesdays**

Accommodation Vacant

ISLINGTON very near Finsbury Park tube. Two sep. rooms in large, shared house. £30 p.w. each. 01-359 8995.

Tuition

CLARINET TUITION available London area. Details: John Mullins, LTCL, 01-639 8218.

Insurance

INSURANCE ADVICE. Any type. Half commission to your charity/organisation, etc. Redcliffe Brunel, 203 Avonmouth Road, Bristol BS11 9EG. 0272 (STD) 827575/6.

Personal

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, parties, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

AUTHORS INVITED submit MSS all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon (est 1898).

BEARDED MAN (b. 1942), 6ft, humorous, gentle, interested arts, etc., seeks companionship of lady, 25-36, any nationality, London/Sussex. Box 4832.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DEVON. Is there a sensitive, caring man who, like myself, has been disappointed in relationships, but who is hoping for a change of fortune? I am 35, warm, bright, attractive, a highly qualified professional woman and single mother of two children. I enjoy music, the countryside, quietness and loathe power, aggression and exploitation. Box 4836.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

ELECTROLYSIS, PERMANENT removal of hair, warts' moles, without scarring. 25 years experience, Institute member with Doctor's recommendations. Unisex Clinic near Baker St station. 01 262 7104.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXTRA FINE SAVINGS on Durex! Plus the assurance of Family Planning Association. £1 and £2 Variety Samplers; 60 Gossamer £6.50; 60 Forget-me-Not (FPS own brand) £5; 60 new Fetherlite Extra Fine £7. Other offers and free "Expert's guide" with first order. Depts. NSN31, F.P. Sales Ltd., 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

GERMAN SCIENCE GRADUATE, 33, tall, slim, seeks female friend to share interests in music, theatre and countryside ALA. Box 4852.

HAPPY, ACTIVE youthful woman (46), would love some male companionship: an informed, gentle, enthusiastic man who would enjoy walks, talks, concerts, theatre and other London pursuits. English professional, univ. ed. to 55, fit and free. Full letters only answered. Box 4849.

HEDONIST, MALE, forties, seeks intelligent woman with exciting dress sense. Box 4833.

IF LIFE begins at 40, anyone interested in beginning with widow, 2 children, enjoys theatre, cinema, walking, real beer in pubs, wine at home? Box 4817.

IS THERE a chivalrous, virile, professional executive, perhaps slightly dominant, but protective, honest and reliable, in need of a Cancerian auburn-haired divorcee 43, home loving, romantic and sensuous, to care, share and love with? Herts. Box 4846.

MALE, AGED 45, central London, seeks sensual, slim female, view friendship/marriage. Box 4845.

MANCHESTER MAIDEN, 27, seeks knight for walking, talking, squash, theatre. Box 4857.

NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR ALONE. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients prayers. Write or phone London's premier introduction service for unattached professional people. "Status", 7 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford St, London W1R 2HA. 01-439 1619.

PIANO TUNER. North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PRESENTABLE GRADUATE, 28, working East Berks (but with transport so can travel), needs female with whom to survive this winter and hopefully many more. Box 4865.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (49), married, interests music, art, swimming, countryside, desires discreet liaison with woman (25-50), of compatible position and interests. Newcastle upon Tyne. Box 4825.

RELIABLE MALE graduate, 45, well-travelled, secure job, unattached, musical, internationalist, optimist, seeks caring, attractive, worldly woman, similar interests, to develop a balanced relationship. Box 4850.

RESEARCH, COPY editing, indexing, ghosting; literary and general topics. Keith Burdon, Flat 5, 28 Blakesley Avenue, London W5 2DW. 01-997 0748.

RICHMOND WOMAN, 49, seeks man about same age to help make the second half of our lives full of growth, jollity, purpose and love. Ask and tell. I will answer. Box 4835.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, North London man with modest, comfortable lifestyle, cultural and intellectual interests, seeks non-smoking relaxed lady, 30s. Box 4834.

WEST YORKSHIRE male, 36 years, divorced, ex-academic, tall, gentle, assertive, active mind/body, seeks sensitive, lively lady. Box 4844.

WIDOWER (50s, caring person, reasonable appearance, seeks friendship with lady (20s/30s). Ints: Literature, travel Box 4866.

WRITE FOR Money – with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 15 Harefields, Oxford.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED